

The Improvement ERA



January 1935

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

*"New Life and
New Frontiers"*
by AVARD FAIRBANKS





Two Roads

by Alberta H. Christensen

HERE must we part, my friend; nor need you try,
For pleasures we have shared, fond memory's sake,
Or those conceits that we have held as one,
To lure me to the path you choose to take—

You hold that death must ever be the end,—
A termless rest. Not I; for even now
Within me surge old dreams that once were dead;
I see buds bursting on a leafless bough.

Above sear grass, decadent on the lawn,
The timid, waking blades of green I see;
And asphodels that deep in sleep have lain,
Now lift in petal-loveliness to me—

No. . . . Go your Godless way, my friend, but I
The miracle of Spring cannot deny!



Alberta Hylsh Christensen is one of our better known poets. She and her husband, Dr. Carl J. Christensen, were both graduated from Brigham Young University. They now reside in Flushing, Long Island, New York. Mrs. Christensen is the author of many delightful child poems which are elaborations of the sayings of her own little children. Mrs. Christensen and her family are members of the newly organized New York Stake.

GREETINGS

FROM

THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS

WE extend our greetings and give our blessing to the members of the Church and to people everywhere who are sincere searchers for truth.

As we pause in life's duties to extend these felicitations of the season, we are not unmindful of those into whose homes Death has entered and left vacancies and sorrowing hearts. Time continually takes its toll of loved ones. During the year now ending the Church has mourned with bereaved relatives the passing of a number of valiant leaders, in wards and stakes, and among the General Presiding Authorities. Gloriously have these noble servants merited the encomiums paid them. May the true spirit of Christ our Redeemer give comfort to all whom Death has caused to mourn. May the Savior's promise, made not only to His Apostles of old, but to all other true followers, bring solace to



THE FIRST PICTURE TAKEN OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY AFTER THE SELECTION OF
ELDER CLARK FIRST, AND ELDER MCKAY, SECOND COUNSELORS

on the eve of the decreed death of the righteous who believed in the Christ, came to the Prophet of God the Lord Himself, announcing His birth on

aching hearts as it must have done to His disciples when He said: "I go to prepare a place for you. . . that where I am, there ye may be also."

To mankind in general the Lord's Resurrection proclaims a message of hope and comfort, as His birth heralds, to all, joy, peace, and good will.

Almost two millennia ago, the Son of God was born among men. To the watchful shepherds in Palestine, round about whom shone the glory of the Lord, came the Angel announcing the Messianic birth, while a multitude of the heavenly host, who were with the Angel, sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." In Zarahemla, in the Western World,

the morrow, and then followed the long promised sign:

"And it came to pass that there was no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as though it were mid-day."

In the divine ministry of His life, the Lord proclaimed the Gospel, and as a mortal being He gave us the example of the perfect man.

The Gospel is a plan for the guidance of men in their minglings together here as mortals, and for their direction in their spiritual lives to the end that they may be saved and exalted in the world to come. The Gospel is not a social program, though its living on this earth involves one, if greed and avarice, covetousness and selfishness be trodden under foot, and if ambition, envy, and love of earthly power and dominion be cast out.

The Gospel is eternal truth, existent from eternity to eternity; it is all truth.

The Gospel teaches us to look first to the inward things of life, to our spiritual being; all outward things are for the growth, benefit, and aid of the inward.

The pleasures and the ills of the flesh are fleeting; we speak today, tomorrow our voices are hushed. All that which exalts and makes ease and pleasures the precious goal of this life is from Evil.

God looks to our eternal souls; His care rests over that which helps the soul in its everlasting struggle against wrong. He is mindful of our material well-being only as it helps us to purify, strengthen, and give growth to our spirits. His mind never forgets that basic truth, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

In these times when many are pleading that we place foremost our fleshly ease and comfort, or bodily and worldly convenience, or frivolous lightmindedness, we shall do well to call to remembrance the Master's command:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Paul's admonition to Timothy, his dearly beloved

son in the faith, is as applicable to the world today as when he wrote, out of deep experience and communion with the Master:

"Godliness with contentment is great gain.

"For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.

"And having food and raiment let us be therewith content.

"But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.

"But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness."

We deeply deplore the privations which have come to the people; we are sensible to the inquietude of mind and spirit with which many suffer; we sympathize with them in every distress with which they are afflicted; but we promise the people that their burdens will be lightened and surcease will come from their trials and griefs in so far as they keep the com-



AN AIR VIEW OF TEMPLE SQUARE

Photo—Courtesy Army Air Corps.

mandments of the Lord, with an eye single to His glory.

Speaking to the multitude on the Mount the Savior said:

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

God will pour out His richest blessings upon all His faithful people; and we bless you with comfort, and with peace, and joy in mind and spirit, in the measure that you keep His commandments.

Walter G. Cannon
John W. Taylor
David O. McKay



THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS—BETHLEHEM
BY ADELBERT BARTLETT

VILLAGE OF BETHLEHEM

By GRACE ZENOR PRATT

THERE'S a white walled village of Bethlehem
On far Judean plain,
That holds our heart of hearts, tonight,
In a hallowed, sweet refrain;
There's a star and a song and a humble stall—
And shepherds who kneel in fear,
And wise men seeking a new-born king—
With frankincense, gold, and myrrh.



O far away village of Bethlehem,
Bathed in the white moonlight—
Why do you draw the hearts of men
From the things of earth, tonight?
Why do the strife and the noise of things
Grow stilled and the lights shine low?
Is it because of the birth of a Child,
And the way that the Child must go?

O far away holy city,
We walk your ancient street—
And seek to find in our humble way,
A Savior in those we meet.
By Galilee's shores in the sunset—
When the boats come in, we know
That He was the Master who stilled the waves;
We praise Him that it was so.



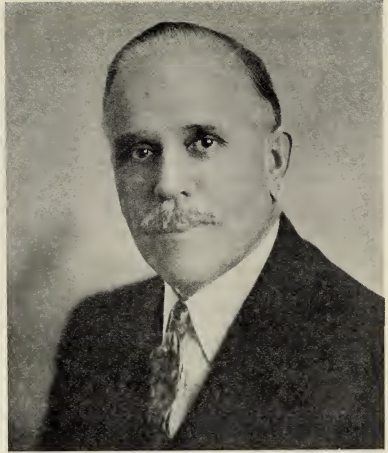
Forgotten, tonight, are the worthless things—
The baubles of gold—and sin;
The hearts of men find a measure of peace
In the strains of a Christmas hymn.
Peace on earth! and a candle's flame—
And a glory o'er land and sea!
For the Christ-Child walks on the earth, tonight,
With a message for you and me.

Europe and Its Fears

By JOSEPH F. MERRILL

A Member of the Council of the Twelve and President of the European Mission

Here is a picture of the mental state of Europe as one who is interested in the souls of men sees it. President Merrill has traveled in many lands in Europe visiting among the people, especially the common people. From that experience he draws these important conclusions especially for "The Improvement Era."



ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL, PRESIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

THE greatest study of man is man." Though everyone may not give ready assent to this statement probably everyone will agree that at the moment the most interesting study in Europe is men in mass—or group, action. Every day European news is brim full of things new and surprising, so much so that even the best informed seem to be unable to predict one day what the happenings of the next will be. And many of the situations are spoken of as crises—one crisis following another in rapid succession, resulting in a general situation that is bewildering. But from it all a few things seem to stand out clearly. Among these are the following:

1. The certainty of war. On the platform, before the microphone, in the press and in books leading observers, thinkers, and politicians discuss the next war as if it is a certainty. The only uncertain thing seems to be as to when it will begin. Will it be in a month, in a few months, or when? Certainly it cannot be delayed many years.

2. No nation wants war. The desire for peace seems, outwardly at least, to be universal. If the roll of European nations were called on the question of war or peace undoubtedly each would thunder back "peace." Hitler is vociferously

calling for peace, so is Mussolini, Russia, France and the rest. None wants war—just now.

3. Nearly all the nations are feverishly preparing for war, that is for "defense," at least so it seems, judging by what we hear and see. Germany signed the Treaty of Versailles. Yet she is charged with treating it as a scrap of paper. And it is probably to this, more than to any other cause that the gathering war clouds seem to be due.

4. The nationalistic spirit of most of the European nations is growing rapidly. This spirit is being very actively stimulated by the rulers of some of these countries.

5. Fear is the dominant note in Europe. Confidence in the future has vanished. Uncertainty with respect to practically everything affecting human welfare rules in every nation, in every province, in every city.

OUT of the present extremely complex European situation other outstanding factors might be named but at this writing we shall let the above list suffice and shall devote our space to a little close-up view of it.

To an American fired with the Wilsonian ideals that seemed to justify the participation of the United States in the World War the talk of the "next war" as a certainty is astounding. We were

in the War to make the world safe for democracy and to "end war." That terrible conflict was to be the last. None would follow because democracy would be gloriously and enduringly established and democracy never wages an offensive war. And none would follow for another reason—the terrible and awful destructiveness of it. It would mean the actual destruction of civilization itself. No participating nation could escape its calamitous ravages. Death would literally rain down from the skies in the form of irresistible explosives, poisonous gases and deadly germs. And there would be and could be no defense against attacks from the air. For these and other reasons there would be no more wars among first-class nations. But alas, Europe, that is the rulers of Europe, seems to be settled in the conviction that another war is a certainty. And the thought is like a nightmare rendering the nations helpless to escape the awful monster of war.

So war is universally dreaded. No nation wants it. The people, at least many of them, are crying out, sometimes almost frantically, against it. These want disarmament. They strenuously object to increases in implements of war. They think the history of the past irrefutably teaches the folly of seeking safety in armaments. Also,

since aircraft, against which there is no adequate defense as recent experiments in London and Paris prove, makes every city in every participating country liable to annihilation, the people instinctively recoil from the awful prospects. So, many of them in their individual and organized capacities have stoutly resolved that they will enlist for no more wars. They point to disarmed Norway as being probably the most secure country in Europe.

Yes, it is certain the people of Europe want no more great armed conflicts. And it also seems certain that if truly democratic forms of government were universal in Europe there would be no more wars among the nations here. But alas, democracy is on the wane in Europe. Its tide is now at a lower ebb than at any time during the past fifty years. Autocratic dictatorships are now dominant. Facism is even making ominous threats in liberty-loving England, the home of democracy. But this is another story quite apart from the theme of this writing.

BUT since there is this overwhelming aversion to another war why all this feverish activity to arm and to increase armaments? It is likely no answer to this question could be made that would satisfy all, just as no universally acceptable answer can be made to the question who was responsible for the World War. The admitted fact is, however, that most of the nations of Europe seem to be increasing their "defensive" powers as rapidly as possible. The Treaty of Versailles gives Germany an armed policing force of 100,000 men. She is said to have now about 400,000, exclusive of the "Storm troops." She is reported to be placing special emphasis on air "defense." The Treaty of Versailles is not being observed. An attempt to enforce it would certainly precipitate war. So, regardless, Germany is undoubtedly arming herself as rapidly as possible, being limited only by her resources, and financial ability. In Italy the entire man-power, beginning with boys six years old, is being militarized. And France appears to be spending every centime she can spare to increase her armaments—on land and sea, and in the air.

Germany insists on military parity with her neighbors, Italy is

determined to have naval parity with France, and France must be as strong in the air and on sea as Germany, and Italy combined, while Britain finds that she must double her "defensive" power in the air as speedily as her resources will permit as well as increase her naval strength. Little Belgium is engaged in making her military defense as impregnable as possible. Russia, Poland and the Balkan States are not sitting idly by. Thus, providing means and facilities of "military defense" is a major activity in Europe.

And the people are being hypnotized in the interests of this activity by appeals to race pride, glories of the past, the fear of invasion, and its helpfulness in providing work. The nationalistic spirit is encouraged also by appeals to the people to support every endeavor to make the country self-supporting as a means of providing

employment. Paradoxical though it is, each nation appears bent on efforts to import only small quantities of goods and to export great quantities. The result is that international trade is languishing and industrial areas are suffering. The manufacturing towns of Britain, for instance, are crying for overseas trade but the farmers of the country want few, if any, agricultural products brought in.

BUT probably the chief recent efforts to develop national race pride were made on the Continent. In Germany, Hitler undoubtedly has succeeded in uniting the German people in support of his policies, the key of which is the exaltation of the German race. In Italy Mussolini appears to be equally successful in developing a nationalistic spirit. But unfortunately such a spirit contributes nothing to the prospects of peace in Europe—but just the opposite. And, as will readily be surmised, this spirit and dictatorships seem to be genial allies.

But whatever the reasons the most outstanding plague in Europe at present is *fear*. And fear is probably the most prolific cause of war. It certainly will be the chief cause of the next war. Of course security cannot exist in an atmosphere of fear and neither can prosperity. But peace must rest upon a basis of prosperity and contentment. But everybody knows that prosperity and contentment do not exist in Europe today, and, for that matter, nowhere else in the world. "Poverty in the midst of plenty," paradoxical is it not?

And so in the midst of the confusion, almost thoughtlessly, it seems to me, the nations are rushing to arms in the groundless hope that in them security will be found. From the past they appear "to have learned nothing and forgotten everything." Poor humanity! Can anyone doubt that Satan is abroad in the world and that the piteous cries of the multitudes in every land open the gates to the very agencies he is using to accomplish their destruction? But, fortunately, humanity has a promise: "Except those days should be shortened, there should be no flesh saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened."

Are not these the most soul-stirring days in all history?

The Frontispiece

NEW Life and New Frontiers," is the title given this inspiring group by its creator, Avar Fairbanks, Professor of Art at the University of Michigan, and son of the local pioneer artist, J. B. Fairbanks.

This group was made especially for the L. D. S. exhibit at the Century of Progress in Chicago. Hundreds of thousands of people have paused before it to comment and to admire. Those who have seen the statuette declare that the figures and the faces of these "figures in clay" tell stories of the hope and faith and confidence of the robust, youthful Latter-day Saint as words could never do.

This group is a companion piece to "The Tragedy of Winter Quarters" which was used on the cover of the November number of this magazine.

Avar Fairbanks, the creator of these groups, is so well known that little need be said of him. Born in Utah, a son of the veteran J. B. Fairbanks, he early showed great promise as a sculptor. While yet little more than a boy he won fame by creating the Fairbanks Buffalo exhibited in hundreds of places, the Pioneer and the Indian which have also been cast by the scores and bought by schools and libraries.

His early promise grew into a mature reality. His fame spread until it reached national bounds, but that was not the end. It reached across the sea where one of the fine magazines of London used a reproduction of a photograph of one of his pieces on its cover and devoted many pages and photographs to the Utah artist. His Doughboy statue and his Big Horn sheep used on the radiator cap of a modern car reveal his versatility.

He is now teaching in the University of Michigan, where he is given time for creative work.

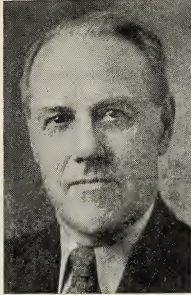
The Greatness of Joseph Smith

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

VERY great men are men of ideas. In the long run it is not emotion that rules the world, for emotion is always short-lived and generally non-creative; nor is it even personal character, since this operates only while a man is alive; but the force that in the end gives shape, direction, and push to things is ideas, thoughts. To the extent that Jesus has affected the course of history since his time it has been chiefly through his teachings. Inasmuch, however, as ideas, thoughts, must of necessity filter to each of us through the mind of some individual person, the real measure of a man lies in the number and importance of his ideas, the firmness with which he grasps them, the clarity and vigor with which he expresses them, and his application of them to his own life and that of others.

Now Joseph Smith, when he reaches his niche in the Hall of Fame, as he assuredly must some day, will do so as a man of ideas primarily. For it is doubtful whether any one before him (excepting of course Jesus) has laid down so complete and perfect a pattern of life as the Mormon prophet.

First of all, he gave length, dignity, and value to the human spirit, with a free play to its will and purpose, such as cannot be found in Christian literature outside the New Testament, and even there not so clearly and definitely. This statement will scarcely be disputed by those who are familiar with the teachings of the Prophet and those also of the Christian church since the apostles' death. In the view of Joseph Smith man is as old as God and the elements; he lived in the spirit before he became an embodied soul; he will always exist, being immortal at this end, too; and he may himself become as God, through the application of knowl-



JOHN HENRY EVANS

THE author of this article—John Henry Evans—has been introduced to the Church and to the world many times through his books. His "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," published a number of years ago, was used as a text book in the Church High Schools. His latest book, "Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet," published by Macmillan, is one of the outstanding contributions towards an appreciation of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the man, as well as organizer and restorer. This portrait written especially for "The Improvement Era," kindles side-lights which reveal the dynamic character of the man.

edge in this life and the daily guidance of the Holy Spirit. A hundred years before Bergen's sensational announcement, the Prophet taught, in effect, that this universe is a mechanism for the making of Gods.

Secondly, Joseph Smith put in quick reverse the whole scheme of Christian salvation as it was developed in the Middle Ages. Typical indeed in his period was the act of the philosopher who walked into a ditch while gazing at

a star. The Prophet, as a matter of fact, would not object to anyone observing the planets, but he certainly would safeguard the feet of him who carried on the observation. This body of flesh and blood, he thought, far from being a handicap to the spirit, as was believed by the more pious even of his day, is in truth but an instrument of the human intelligence, and as such must be developed so as to express as perfectly as may be the human personality. But the founder of Mormonism went further than that. Through a planned civic and economic order he hoped to make it possible for everyone to live in security and happiness. A city of not to exceed twenty thousand inhabitants, with lots of sufficient size to allow its owner to grow vegetables and fruit for his own use and with farmland enough on the outside for cereals, sugar beets, and hay, would, the Prophet believed, prevent the development of poverty, crime, vice and degradation to the point inevitable under the old order, where industry is centralized. And an economic order in which the private-profit motive is supplanted by the human-welfare motive would, he further believed, guarantee to every man a job to his liking, at which he could earn enough to support himself and his dependents in decency, and at the same time free the mind of the toiler forever of the haunting fear of want through unemployment, sickness, and old age. Thus Joseph Smith stressed the Here and the Now, instead of the Hereafter, as in the theology of his time.

BUT the Mormon prophet early saw the absurdity and unscriptural character of the modern Christian theory of salvation—that men are "saved" through

(Continued on page 28)

CROSS COUNTRY

THE clear notes of the starting bugle cut through the swish of wind along the hilltop. Ted Nelson settled his knit cap rakishly over one eye and tentatively jiggled his skis.

"Watch me," he said to the other six skimen. "I'll show that old fossil how it's done. Bet he fell a-purpose to make the trail bad for me."

"You go easy," warned Gunnerud. "This wind she tough today,

leaned forward almost horizontal, slowly straightening as he dropped.

Spat! the waxed grooves contacted the hillside and Nelson's knees bent gracefully to absorb the shock. Then he was under the finish wire and his skis threw up a spray of snow as he skidded to a stop. He skated to the sidelines, grinning, and winked at a pretty girl, red-cheeked and with straw colored curls, who was in the front rank of the crowd, close to the rope.

you bat."

Nelson started, crouching low, and bobbed up and down jockeying for speed. The bitter wind blurred his vision; he shook his eyes clear as he swooped into the

THEN A LEAP LIKE A RELEASED CLOCK-SPRING WHIPPED HIM HIGH.



level of the takeoff. Then a leap like a released clock spring whipped him high. The voice of the mob below swelled to a roar. Arms flailing, Nelson

"How's that, Hilda?" "Oh, that was a gra-and leap. Ted! But be careful! It's an awful day with this wind. . . . See about Papa, will you? He said the fall didn't hurt him. But it was a nasty spill he took and I'm afraid he twisted that ankle again."

"Two hundred and seven feet, folks!" came the brassy voice from the amplifier. "Two seven for

By SAMUEL TAYLOR

Nelson on the trial leap. Looks like a fast track today and plenty of thrills in store. . . . We've just got word from Kristiansen. The old master declares the spill he took did not injure him, and so the King will still be the man to beat, as usual."

Nelson looked up the steep curve of the landing hill to the takeoff, and beyond to where the six remaining

dred ninety-two feet. Nelson, with a wry twist to his mouth, made his way to the hot little room near the ascending trail.

Lars Kristiansen was inside, sitting on a box of sand near the stove and flexing his ankle. A tough, lean fellow was "King" Kristiansen.

"How's the ankle?"

A newspaper man collared Nelson outside the door.

"Say, Ted"—it was "Ted," though the fellow was an absolute stranger—"I want you to verify the story about the feud between you and old Lars."

"What feud?"

"It's all right, Ted. Everybody knows about it. Just a word, see. For a quote. About you and Kristiansen's daughter, Hildegard — romance in the ski troupe — you t h against a g e — can't bear to admit he's getting old — won't

HE STRAIGHTENED, SWOOPED DOWN TO THE TAKEOFF AND MADE A TREMENDOUS SPRING.

Photo—at Ecker Hill



jumpers made a thin line of color in the solid gray of snow and sky. The bugle sounded and Gunnerud started down the thin pair of tracks above the takeoff platform. Nelson looked at the pink faces of the crowd—eyes staring upward in fascination while mouths relaxed in awe and throats growled a rumble of vicarious fear. Gunnerud landed safely at a hun-

"Ay guess you wish it was broke, huh?"

"No, I don't care," Nelson said, then added: "Hilda wanted to know."

"Then lat her ask me!" Lars rumbled. "You batter kape away from my Hildegard!"

Nelson grinned confidently. "We'll talk about that after the meet, maybe."

The lean Kristiansen got to his feet. "You naver bate Lars Kristiansen, ba-aby boy! Yah! Young kids who try to be ski jumpers! You yump too far and braak your nack, by golly!"

listen to you at all as a son-in-law. You know it all.

But I understand the old boy's a real sport—and plenty confident—or maybe desperate. There's a rumor that he might change his mind about you and Hilda if you ever were man enough to beat him. That kind of a man, you know—proud of his skill but ready to shake hands with a better man. How about it, Ted? Just a word."

"Funny how stories get around," remarked Nelson, and started up the hill. Bernssen was coming off the takeoff. He was caught sideways by the wind and hit with skis crossed.

"Bad day for yumpin'," Gunnerud growled on the trail behind Nelson.

"What the devil?—we knew the game when we went into it."

(Continued on page 53)

Yes, I've Visited the

By HARRISON
R. MERRILL

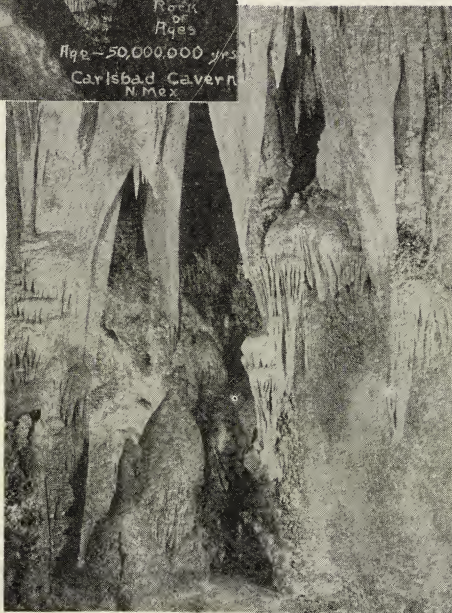
IF you enjoy burrowing underground and visiting things that never see the light of day—then come with me to the Carlsbad Caverns in southeastern New Mexico.

Yes, I've visited Carlsbad!

If you wish to enjoy the getting there you may go by auto or by airplane or even by train in these days of air-cooled diners and observation cars. Your road from any direction will be excellent and lined with interest. If you are West you may go by way of El Paso or Socorro; north, by way of Roswell; east, by way of Fort Worth or Big Spring, Texas. Since Carlsbad is in the sunshine state and in the very southeast of it, you will find it comparatively warm in summer, but since it is 3,100 feet high you will find it bearable. The city has a mean yearly temperature of about 65 degrees. February, last year, was coldest with a mean temperature of 44 degrees; July was hottest at 83.4 degrees.



The
Rock
Ages
Age—50,000,000 yrs
Carlsbad Cavern
N. Mex.



TOP: THE ROCK OF AGES.

CENTER: TYPICAL CAVE FORMATIONS.

RIGHT: NATIONAL PARK RANGERS
WHO GUIDE VISITORS THROUGH THE
SEVEN MILES OF CAVERNS.



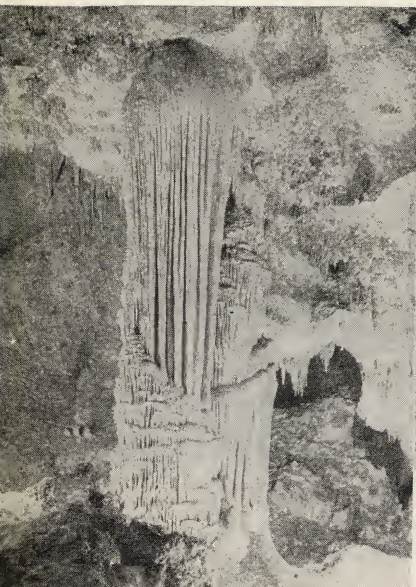
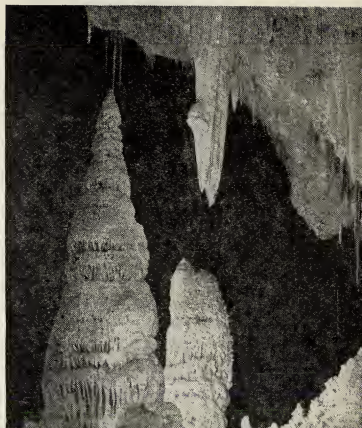
CARLSBAD CAVERNS

Now that we have the roads and the climate disposed of, let's visit the Caverns. They are located about 26 miles from Carlsbad City. A finely paved highway, however, makes rolling out to the caverns a pleasure. If you are young and are not superstitious about bats, you may drive out in the evening, about dusk, I am told, to see the millions of bats swarm out of the Caverns. It is said that this living, biological column of smoke was the first thing that attracted the attention of Jim White, first explorer of the Caverns, to the place.

Visitors are allowed to enter the Caverns only once each day—about 10 a. m. That rule may be changed but it is in force now, therefore, it is well to plan to reach the entrance by 9:30, at least, for there are several things of interest in and around the substantial and

intriguing stone houses which have been built at the Caverns' mouth. Among these is a cactus garden of unusual interest.

It was a hot June day upon which we presented ourselves to Uncle Sam and paid our customary shekels to see one of his wonders which our taxes go to support. We were greeted by genial young Americans from various parts of the country who were wearing the Forest Green and serving as guides. We were advised to wear or take along sweaters or coats, but I overheard one young Forester say that he wished he could leave his coat on top of the ground, so I took the hint and took none. I was glad of that, but the ladies were thankful they took theirs—so the traveler



Photographs used by permission of Supt. Thomas Bales and Jay Leck of the Leck Studios.

TOP: THE VEILED STATUE.
CENTER: TEMPLE OF THE
SUN 750 FEET UNDERGROUND.

LEFT: CHINESE TEMPLE IN
BIG ROOM.



JIM WHITE

does as he wishes in the matter. Perhaps the Foresters are right in suggesting wraps, as the temperature in the nether kingdom is perpetually around 56 degrees.

We were told that we had before us a walk of about seven miles, if I remember correctly. Since I had pulled a tendon before leaving home I was not certain that I could make it, but when I heard that there was an elevator upon which the lame and the infirm could return to the surface, I decided to risk the walk.

THE Cavern's opening is like a great mouth of a whale. The path which winds down into its gullet adds to that feeling. The Foresters have done an excellent job of trail building, making the descent by an easy grade without steps to worry about. The trail has a wall along its outer edge which makes it safe.

We had reached the second curve when we were stopped and given a bit of advice including the suggestion that we either take our lunch with us or order it. We were told that when we reached the huge dining room in the bowels of the earth our lunch would be awaiting us—price sixty cents. We ordered and went forward.

Spiraling down into the earth was a great lark. The Cavern's mouth was large—90 feet wide and 40 feet high—and its breath was cool and strangely fresh and

sweet considering the fact that millions, perhaps billions, of bats had, during a period of a millennium or so, used the place as bed chamber and living room. We were informed, however, that the ladies might be assured that none of the creatures would become entangled in their hair as the bats were evasive and spent their siestas in a cavern, an offshoot from ours, a quarter of a mile or so in length.

After a half hour or perhaps twenty minutes we stopped to rest in a cool room having a level floor but little else to recommend it as there were no formations of any significance visible to us. There one of the guides told us the story of the Caverns.

It seems that a cowboy, Jim White, was riding over the mesa one evening when he saw a smoke rising to high heaven from a barren depression in a barren hill. Since he was a cowboy and not a shepherd like Moses of old, he evidently saw no miraculous meaning to the smoke. He was simply curious, so he rode over to investigate. To his surprise he discovered that the smoke was not smoke at all but a spiral of living, flying, witch-like bats reaching almost to the clouds before they became untangled enough to go about their business of seeking insects which fly by night. These bats were emerging in almost a solid column from a great maw or opening in the ground.

Jim White was of a curious turn of mind, therefore, he hunted up a Mexican cowboy and proposed that they do a little exploring. So, after the bats were all safely home—they return about daylight each morning—these two men with improvised torches and long ropes and strings began their momentous expedition. They wandered around in that Stygian darkness for about three days enjoying Pluto's finest cavern of jewels. Then they came out and told the world about what they had seen.

But the world didn't listen—much.

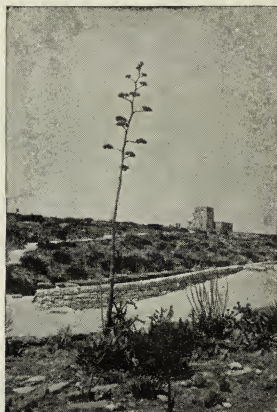
Jim White used to take his friends, and anybody else who would go with him, into the great chambers to see the wonders of a munificent Nature. Then along came a geologist or two, then the *National Geographic* and the world listened. These two cowboys, Jim White and his young Mexican friend, had made known to the

world its most extensive and most magnificent cavern. Robert Holly and Dr. Willis T. Lee visited the caverns; later Dr. Lee persuaded the *National Geographic Magazine* to send an expedition and to photograph the underground wonders. These appeared in the magazines of January, 1924, and September, 1925.

The Carlsbad Caverns have now become one of the National Parks and certainly not the least interesting. It was made a National Monument in October, 1923, and became a National Park on May 14, 1930.

FOR more than ten years exploring parties have been wandering around under ground, now equipped with electric flashlights and other modern apparatus, whereas Jim White had to rely upon crude things made by himself. About thirty-two miles of caverns have now been explored on three different levels—750 foot level, 900 foot level, and 1,320 foot level, but the tourist as yet sees only the first one. Some day means of transportation may make it possible for one to wander underground for several days if he wishes to do so. With all of this exploration, however, the size of the Caverns is not yet known.

Besides the main Caverns there are several small caves within the confines of the park, a number of which are interesting because in the dim past they served as burial places for prehistoric man.

A CENTURY PLANT
ELEVATOR BUILDING IN DISTANCE

But we were in the great corridor which extends for almost a mile. From it we passed into the Green Lake Room, and thence, through an artificial tunnel into the King's Palace which is renowned for its beauty. In fact, it is said by the guide book to "be the most beautiful chamber in this or any other series of caverns." An aside: It is doubtful if it is as beautiful as the most beautiful little chamber in the Timpanogos Cave in Utah, but certainly it is more magnificent and impressive.

This palace is separated from the adjoining chambers by means of curtains of onyx. Certainly old Pluto might have enjoyed the magnificence of this palace down there where he would never be warmed except by the heat of his own passions.

A "natural keyhole" leads from the King's Palace to the Queen's Chamber. This room is queenly in that it is furnished beautifully and delicately, its draped and folded curtains of shining jewels being worthy an exclamation from any sovereign. In this room resemblances to the Chamber in Timpanogos Cave are most noticeable. I would venture the private opinion that colored globes here would add much to the enjoyment of the tourists. The management of the park, however, has decided against anything so artificial, but since light at all is artificial, I cannot see why a red or a blue or a green light would be so out of place.

From the Queen's Chamber we passed into the Papoose room. This room is beautiful but, in my humble opinion, improperly named. One is certain to ask why it is called the Papoose room and feels deflated when he is told that it was so named in honor of an Indian girl who walked over the rough floor bare-foot. Undoubtedly the room will some day be renamed as it is a lovely little chamber and the present title takes one's attention away from the beauty of the interior.

○NCE more we entered the King's Palace and then wound

over several terraces to the huge lunch room in one end of the Big Room. This lunch room is a large, arched chamber 750 feet below the surface of the earth in which water-fountains, a lunch-counter, many tables and seats, and rest rooms are to be found. The water was good, our lunch consisting of excellent sandwiches, boiled eggs and milk, or other drinks, was also excellent. Some of the tourists had their own sandwiches and purchased only a bottle of milk or soda pop or other drink to go along with them. Two hundred fifty of us sat down at the same time and there was plenty of room to spare.

Although we left a hot day on the surface, there in the lunch room the temperature was cool—56 degrees. We were informed that it changes scarcely at all—not more than two degrees the year around.

After lunch we were led into the Big Room. This place by all means should be re-named, but BIG expresses it very well. It is nearly 4,000 feet in length—more than thirteen times the length of a football gridiron—625 feet wide, and 300 feet high. Now it is difficult to imagine that size without help, therefore we have had our artist represent it graphically by using the Utah State Capitol with which most of our readers are familiar.

The Big Room is not a flat-floored room like the Great Salt Lake Tabernacle. It is very irregular all around. The walls are handsomely decorated in Pluto's most approved style with all sorts of alcoves and wall ornaments. The ceiling, where it is visible, is hung with festoons and drapes. They may be banners such as hang in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, relics of distant subterranean wars. The floor rises and falls and is strewn with statuary and precious pieces of art built up through thousands, perhaps millions of years.

The trail leads entirely around this exquisite council chamber or museum or whatever one wishes to call it. The Park service has provided lights which may be turned on and off in sections or all together. As we progressed the guide in front

of our party turned on the lights in the chambers ahead; the guide bringing up the rear, turned them off as we passed from one section to another.

The guide book says, "In this room the formations are massive as well as magnificent, exceeding in size and beauty those of any other known cave." That statement could easily be true. Some of the formations in that Big Room are beautiful and magnificent almost beyond belief, after one has actually seen them.

We passed down one side of this great chamber and then up the other, admiring and exclaiming over the wonder of it all, and blessing Jim White's temerity which made the underground art gallery available to us all. I couldn't help but wonder at the courage of the man that would lead him down into the Stygian darkness which had been unbroken for a million years.

Among the most startling of the formations in the Big Room are the Temple of the Sun, the Chinese Temple, and the Rock of Ages.

As we approached the Rock of Ages, a huge glistening pillar reckoned by geologists by means of actual measurements to be 50,000,000 years old, the lead guide and lecturer asked us to find seats and to refrain from striking matches or flashing lights. Said he: "We wish to show you what absolute darkness really is."

WE found seats on the shoulders of a great formation and there the guide gave us a brief talk during which he named the states represented in the party. As I remember it there were twenty-one or twenty-three. We were the only four from Utah. In fact, it is my surmise that few Utah people have yet visited these marvelous caverns. The light was switched out and there 750 feet underground we saw darkness—the absolute absence of light. No amount of waiting made it possible for our mere human eyes to detect the slightest ray of light.

Then from back in the cavern came the voices of angels singing "Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me
(Continued on page 28)

GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF THE BIG ROOM SHOWING IT TO SCALE IN COMPARISON WITH THE UTAH STATE CAPITOL BUILDING WHICH IS 404 FEET LONG, 240 FEET WIDE AND 285 FEET HIGH



KINGDOM

By JANE CARLISLE

F the seven passengers who boarded the Christmas Eve train for its brief run from Egan Corners into Hartsburg over the mountain not one suspected that they would never arrive that night.

They were a dismal little band, as late travelers on a festive eve are apt to be. The narrow-gauge train carried only one passenger car.

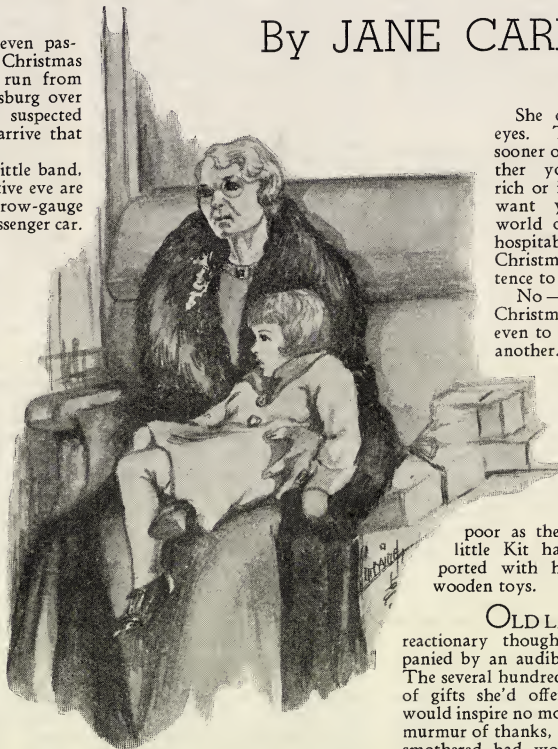
Old Lady Egan's entrance was most impressive and most dignified of all. Truthfully, none of the others was dignified in any way. Her chauffeur escorted her to a seat, tucked away countless big, expensive boxes, made solicitous inquiry about draughts and cushions. Then he saluted beautifully— young Kit had taught him that—and had turned squarely his broad young back before he allowed the young grin of release to widen.

He was free, for three long days. The mountain roads to Hartsburg were impassable, even for the powerful Egan twelve-cylinder. Free, out of eternity, of three whole riddled days of trying to please or appease her. The old Lady had given him ten bucks. Course it might have been fifty—she was a stingy old vixen except where her own kid was concerned—but ten would buy things for Millie! His was a Christmas face in the pale yellow gloom of the train.

"Merry Christmas to you, Ramsay!" The old Lady's voice snapped after him. He turned. "You're a rude scoundrel." But even then she was reaching for his hand, as if on a wistful impulse to touch that celebrating warmth.

The old face settled back into its grim pattern.

At first she thought it was a pair of schoolchildren who entered next,



OLD LADY EGAN HAD A CHILD PRESSED TO HER; A SCARED, TENDER, NESTLING THING WHO NEEDED HER; AND THE MIRACLE WAS DAWNING IN HER EYES.

staggering, the two of them, under a load of brown paper packages and a mountainous bundle whose stiff, projecting legs suggested to all beholders the most enormous turkey ever raised in Corn County. Divested of their burdens, however, these two expressed something in their mature, shabby clothes and the incurious intimacy of their regard that proclaimed them husband and wife; married far too young and not prospering too well and off on a journey not all fraught with joy.

She closed her old eyes. That was life, sooner or later. Whether you're scummy rich or in the dregs of want you find the world out for an inhospitable hole, and Christmas Eve a sentence to be served.

No—not every Christmas could die, even to make room for another. In austere

justice she must pay a moment's homage to a far day when she and Al had been as incredibly young and

poor as these two. And little Kit had been transported with his home-made wooden toys.

OLD LADY EGAN'S reactionary thought was accompanied by an audible snort. Kit! The several hundred dollars worth of gifts she'd offer him tonight would inspire no more than a polite murmur of thanks, and doubtless a smothered bad word because she hadn't yet come through with that stock. Kit had everything he wanted in twos and threes and dozens, except that last block of controlling stock in the Egan Works. And partly in disgust but mostly out of plain orneriness, the old Lady held on to that.

Kit, settled down with his preening Agatha and his spoiled flounce-stuff of a Mary-Joanna in a Hartsburg apartment-hotel, as if the fine old home and the town that bore his father's name were beneath his silly grandeur!

Her thoughts ranged back to immediate contacts. These people here. What if that wan little pair could foresee a future like hers and

COME

Illustrated by
LORRAINE CROUCH

Al's had been? What if they saw it literally built of gold? Saw their cuddly little son (probably on the way now: she had that singular, white, wondering look) grown into a hard-eyed business magnate who swaggered in and out of rooms, sulking over stocks that could help him only by helping him to swagger more!

Run back to Egan Corners, and never come out, you ninnies!

Lights and shadows glimmered outside the window. A child's wailing voice came up. "But, Mo-ther! I don't want to go. I want to stay with you, Mother. Santy can too find me here. Please!"

A dark figure crouched swiftly, enveloping the child.

The little girl entered the train presently, a plain elf of perhaps seven; a bag of oranges and a sheaf of strawflowers in her arms. Dropping these on a near seat, she dashed back to where her mother was talking earnestly to the conductor.

"Don't let anything happen to her! She'll be quiet and good. You'll be good, won't you, Bun-ny? Not make any trouble? Please make sure that she meets my people there, Conductor. They won't fail to be at the station. Darling, you know I can't come. Mother has her work she has to do. But at Grandma's you'll have a beautiful time. Pies . . . Presents . . . Hang up your stocking . . ."

Old Lady Egan rattled a paper to drown out the sound. More grief! And now a tearful infant to keep them wailing company.

"All aboard!"



AT FIRST SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A PAIR OF SCHOOL CHILDREN WHO ENTERED NEXT, STAGGERING, THE TWO OF THEM, UNDER A LOAD OF BROWN PAPER PACKAGES.

The train was in the spasms of achieving motion when the door flew open again. This time two men in heavy overcoats lurched in, and one appeared to fling the other into place beside him on the first seat near the door.

"Two drunks! Delightful! Peace on earth, and a pleasant trip to us all." The old Lady turned savagely to the window.

These last arrivals were not really drunk. They talked loudly at first, but their brutality toward

each other was charged with keen awareness. Then they fell silent, and except for an occasional drone from the couple down the aisle and a knife-like sob, quickly bitten-in, from the child, only the angry clatter of wheels over cold rails broke the bleak night silence.

Twenty-five minutes to travel—twenty. And arriving would be no less cheerless in its way than the start. Snippy kisses exchanged. Polite questions that held no hint of curiosity about the answer or the answerer. Ostentatious additions to the apartment displayed with all the large description of the original salesman. Mary-Joanna showing off this year's mincing accomplishments. Christmas dinner served with the week-day restraint of any polite hotel; with the bird carved in the kitchen. Glory! For one jolly, gluttonous feast over a worn tablecloth, picking the oily bones to the carcass!

Eighteen minutes—

fourteen—

Was the train stopping?

It did, with a considerable jolt; and the old Lady, settling her hat, selected a choice epithet or two for clumsy engineer.

The minutes had ticked off another quarter-hour before the conductor rushed in, looking unmistakably comic with his cap off and his sparse hair in downward strings.

"There's trouble!" he shouted. "Snowslide ahead! Can't tell how bad yet, but we'll never get through tonight. Looks like the whole mountain's fell over."

One of the big overcoated men

(Continued on page 56)



By
DR. PARLEY A.
CHRISTENSEN

THE POETRY OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

RELIGION to many people means a set or system of ideas or beliefs about such concepts as atonement, preexistence, and immortality. In other words, religion to many of us is synonymous with creed or doctrine. That this is true is shown in the almost universal tendency among church members to judge the religious quality of a man in terms of the theological notions to which he gives or fails to give mental assent. The emotional content of religion so conceived consists principally in feelings of assurance that the ideas believed in are true. Now, with this kind of religion the poetry of religious experience has little to do. Poets generally are not interested in 'creeds and philosophies in the abstract. But they are concerned with religion as concrete, personal experience.

The explanation of this poetic attitude toward religion is found in the personalities of the artists themselves. Poets are more observant and more sensitive than most of us. They, therefore, discern meanings, and relationships, and beauties in the world about them to which we of less responsive clay are oblivious. And poets are less regimented in their thinking, and less conventional in their emotional reactions. They are, accordingly, more frequently baffled and

agitated in the presence of life and its problems than we are. Unable to accept ready-made sentiments and conclusions regarding man in the universe, they try to find in their own experience the meaning of personal existence, and some clue as to the relationship of personal being to the universal being. And so we frequently find them in their poems standing, as it seems, naked and alone in the presence of reality, and demanding passionately in their own right an intimate and personal understanding of what it all means.

Satisfying and pleasing answers to these urgent demands are not vouchsafed to all who make them. To many, life forever remains a painful and bewildering riddle for which there is no answer. Others, defeated in the personal venture for understanding, return to the mediation of priest and church, and in so doing cease to be poets. But to some a new and personal vision is granted. By a flash of intuition or imaginative insight, life, or a part of life, is illuminated; chaos gives way to order and symmetry; discord, to harmony; perplexity, to understanding. For a moment, at least, the poet sees, or thinks he sees, the place of his own life and experience in the intricate fabric of the universe. For a moment he hears the music of the spheres, and

is conscious of no discordant note in the responses of his own mind and heart. But whatever form the poetic demand may take, and whatever the poetic answer to it may be, we have in the demand and the answer a record of what we may call a religious experience. The result in verse may be merely a simple lyric to a field mouse or to a water fowl; it may be a *Saul* or a *Rubaiyat*, a *Book of Job* or a *Divine Comedy*.

I do not wish to suggest that the experiences here described are in every way peculiar to poets. Nearly every thoughtful person has periods of perplexity, periods of serious questioning. And to him come frequently moments of illumination, when he feels that he is in accord with a universal or divine purpose, and when he seems at last to sense his personal relation to nature, or to humanity, or to God. Then,

"An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his heart,
And then he thinks he knows
The Hills where his life rose
And the Sea where it goes."

BUT for most of us such poetic religious experiences are momentary and fragmentary. They seldom attain permanency and completeness. They too easily give place in our busy lives to an

uncritical acquiescence in inherited and prosaic feelings and points of view. They seldom initiate the enduring spiritual adventures out of which alone the soul builds for itself more stately mansions. But in the more spontaneous and imaginative minds and hearts of poets and prophets such fragments of experience take form and pattern; they become permanent and living attitudes toward life. One of our sources of pleasure in fine religious poems is the discovery in them of significant, beautiful, and completed experiences, fragments of which have previously come to us in our own rare moments of creative insight.

As has been intimated, the experiences recorded in religious poetry are essentially emotional, and their answers to life's riddle cannot always be justified by logic or reason. Indeed, poetic solutions to life's most pressing problems are exceedingly various and conflicting. The poet of the *Twenty-third Psalm* lives in the consciousness of the nearness and friendliness of God. He fears no want or evil; the Lord is an ever mindful shepherd, who provides food and rest for him in green pastures and beside still waters, and whose rod and staff sustain and comfort him even in the valley of the shadow of death. And Bryant sees in the merely instinctive but unerring flight of the migrant water fowl an assurance that in some way the human spirit through all life's bewilderments will find its haven of peace and understanding:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless
sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must
tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

Not unlike this in spirit and tone is Whittier's *Eternal Goodness*. But a new element enters. The poet has had trouble with the theologians. He cannot understand their iron creeds, their lockstep plans of salvation. It is not for him "to fix with mete and bound" the divine love and

purpose. He is contented with the consciousness that God is good, and that His goodness knows no limitations:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

MUCH more profound in intellectual and spiritual insight is the experience Browning records in the poem *Saul*, though the conception of God there presented is not essentially different. In the welling up of love in his own heart for the suffering Saul, David finds

the secret of the nature of God, and gains a revelation of the divine purposes. If David's love would provide a life after death for Saul, then the more perfect love of God will at least do as much. For as God excels man in power, wisdom, and goodness, so must He excel him in love, and in loving provision for man's eternal welfare. Indeed, in God, man will find his own finest qualities perfected and glorified. If David so loves Saul that he would suffer for him, then God in His infinite love would suffer, nay, will suffer, to effect the ultimate happiness of all His children:

"Oh Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by,
forever: A Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of
a new life to thee! See
the Christ stand!"

But some poets fail to find in the universe a kindly Lord in whom they can repose a simple trust. They are unable to reconcile the idea of an omnipotent and beneficent Friend with a world in which good men aspire, suffer, and perish untimely. Like Browning they may find that man's world is a world of law; unlike him, they do not discover in it an all pervading and dominating love. So not infrequently there is born in the heart of the poet the sad conclusion that men exist in a universe that does not know them, a universe like Omar Khayyam's in which the coming and going of human beings excite no greater stir than a pebble cast in the ocean. And sometimes to the poet it seems as if there are dominant in the world deities or forces actively hostile to man and his purposes. So to Job there are moments when Jehovah seems to hound him maliciously by day and night, until he longs for the peace and darkness of the grave:

"Am I a sea or a whale
That thou settest a watch over me?
When I say, My bed shall comfort me,
(Continued on page 27)



CHRISTMAS EVE

By

OLIVE W. BURT

MARY, forgive me if tonight

I think of but how you were blessed,
Sitting in peace, your hour fulfilled,
With warm lips tugging at your breast.

Forgive me if I close my heart

To thought of bitter later years;
If I deliberately shut out
The memory of your pain and tears.

For, Mary, it is Christmas Eve,

And I would wrap it close in joy,—
No memories and no fears; you see,
I also have a little boy.

A ROMANCE of TWO CITIES

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

CHAPTER III

Illustrated by
FIELDING K. SMITH

THE following morning the city of Lehi-Nephi awakened to find herself without guards. Before she had time to wonder or conjecture a heart-clutching cry rang through the streets:

"The Lamanites are coming!

Instinctively, each heart beat faster; each pair of feet hastened more. In an incredibly short time King Limhi had his men mobilized. Zena, Leah, Sarah and others were at the North Gate to see them march away.

"Oh, to be a man," Zena cried aloud as the great gate swung to upon the last of the pitifully small army. There was no cheering, no whispered goodbyes. Hearts were too full. Only a miracle could save them from the avenging hordes they went to face.

"A vain wish, Daughter," an old man at her elbow answered. "Better be a strong maiden, than a broken, useless man."

"But I wish to help," she cried.

"There is much to be done," he volunteered. "Excepting a few of our guards, the City is without men, only the blind, the halt, and the women are left. There is much to be done."

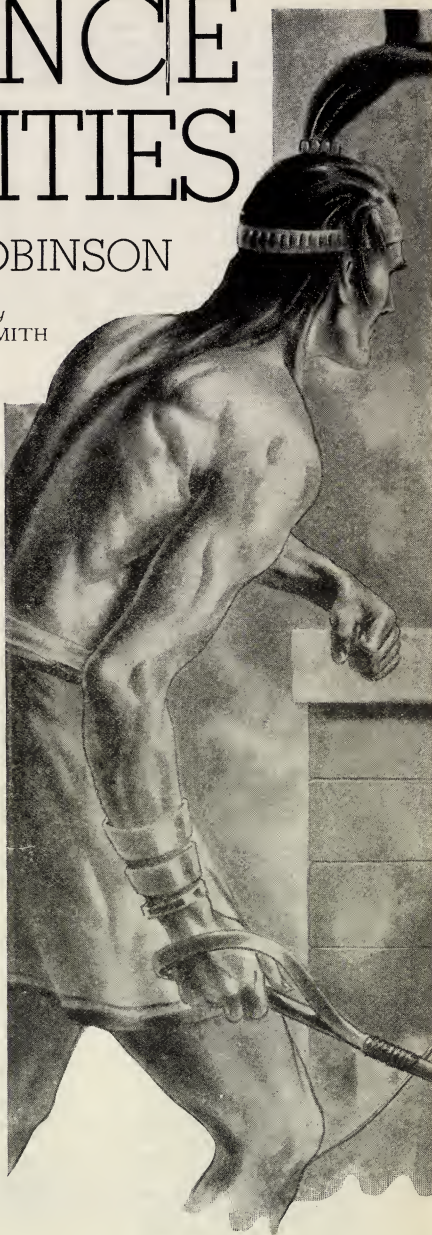
"Yes, yes;" they all cried, and never did men work harder than those girls. Under the old man's commanding, they helped roll stones upon the walls to be used in defense if their army was driven back. They filled water barrels in the City from springs without, for they might be driven to the inner wall. The regular work too, must go on.

Time and again during the days that followed, the Nephites were driven back toward their walls, but each time they rallied successfully

and met the terrible onslaught. Then to the anxious watchers at home came the swiftly carried news that they had routed the Lamanite army and held their King a prisoner. The people went mad at the all but unbelievable message. They danced, they shouted, they carried unheard of sacrifices to the Temple.

Their joy was short lived! Through King Laman, the reason for the attack was learned. Twenty-four Lamanite maidens had been surprised at their play and carried away by Nephite men. King Laman had not heard of the errant Priests of King Noah and their fear of returning to their own City. When he was convinced that they were the miscreants he offered to withdraw his army for his liberty. So the Nephites came home with a victory that was not a victory.

ONCE again the Lamanite guards patrolled their walls and demanded half their produce. There was a feeling, especially among the young men, that had King Limhi kept the Lamanite King prisoner, all would have been well. King Limhi and Gideon, his Captain, knew better, but the feeling of injustice grew until the city was in a tumult; and Limhi reluctantly led them





"COME! AWAY WITH YOU," THE GUARD CRIED BRUTALLY, "AND NO MORE PREACHING OF FALSE GODS TO THIS PEOPLE, BEGONE." JARED STOOD FIRM.

forth to battle—not once but thrice.

They fought with the joy of their victory in their hearts. They returned after their third ghastly defeat, broken in spirit and submissive to their fate; but, where they had known the Lamanites as guards, they now knew them as taskmasters; patrolling not only the borders of their land but their streets as well. Hard guardsmen they had always been, but now they inflicted unbearable indignities and cruelties upon them; as if beating them they could salve their

pride for the routing of their glorious army and the loss of their sisters and daughters. Nana-aha once more held the keys to the City and waited impatiently for Jared's pride to break.

Repeated battles had drained the city of its already depleted manpower. Each morning great crowds of boys and women and girls filed dismally through the great stone gates to the fields where under cruelest surveillance they prepared ground and planted crops. They needed no urging to do their best for already the cry of the gaunt wolf, starvation, could be heard echoing through their halls. Many took their jewels and family relics and going to Nana-aha offered to

barter them for food, but the Mighty One only laughed and drove them savagely to their work.

In the household of Jared, there was great unrest. Month after month Zena waited tremblingly to hear dreaded words from the lips of her grandfather. There came a time when she crept to where he sat, white head bowed in anguish and kissing the hem of his garment, sobbed:

"Grandfather, the suffering of our people is unbearable. Listen no longer, Beloved, to the wishes of a vain selfish maid. If it be thy will, send me to the Lamanite that he may alleviate the tortures heaped upon us. Thy wish is mine."

The old man raised his head and his emaciated hand caressed the shining curls. A smile warmed his wan face.

"Not yet, Little Daughter," he said, noting the tears of thankfulness that dimmed her eyes.

"Not yet, Child of my Heart. Succor shall come, but not until every head and heart is bowed in humility. Then it shall come in Jehovah's own way."

SOcial intercourse ceased. The great amusement halls; the robes of linen and fine silks; the jewels brought with such care from the mines above the City, lay idle and unused and gradually their houses of worship filled. Every evening when their day's work was done, they would gather in the outer court of the Temple to be fed the Bread of Life. The day's sorrows rolled back a little when they could glean from the words of their beloved Priests a ray of hope for the future.

Jared, they particularly loved to hear. Though feeble and emaciated, the old Priest would recount to them the vision of Lehi; telling them of the sacrifice on Mount Calvary which was to lift them from spiritual darkness. Each day Zena's own thoughts dwelt more on that vision and she formed images in her own mind of the Savior that was to be. The more she thought of it, the more sure she became that

(Continued on page 60)

WHY The HEADACHE?

From

Medical Staff and Health Service
of the Brigham Young University

IN an eastern city, a poor woman staggered into a prominent drug store. She was about forty years of age, pale, somewhat emaciated; and swayed as she walked—not like one intoxicated, but more as one suffering from certain disease of the central nervous system.

"Would you tell me where I can find a good doctor close by?" she inquired, trembling.

"What do you want a doctor for?" asked the druggist who had appeared.

"I have *such* a headache," she said, drawing her hand over her forehead. And, seeing the half-dazed expression in her heavy eyes, one could scarcely doubt the agony she described.

"You don't want a doctor," the druggist advised. "I can fix that up for you."

From his shelves he took down a small package.

"This will only cost you fifty cents," he continued, "and it will cure your headache better than any doctor could."

Headache is not a disease, but only a symptom; and like all other symptoms it arises from some disordered function. An existing disturbance is imparted to the nervous system somewhere and eventually finds expression through certain pain-nerves which localize the trouble in one's head. This may still be true, although the causative disorder is actually in organs of the pelvis or even farther away.

Like any pain, headache is a signal of something wrong in the organism. The trouble may be merely a functional one, or it may be some serious organic disease, such as tumor of the brain.

Among the simplest causes of functional head pains are those involving nervous tension. Occurring more commonly among women, they are prone to arise from any nervous excitement, such as being hostess at an exacting social affair, domestic disagreements, taking part on a club program, or playing afternoon bridge for money. Such headaches occur usually among high-strung people,

who are prone to nervous agitation out of proportion to the magnitude of any exciting cause. Persons, who suffer unconscious disturbance because of some unrecognized mental conflict, are often prone to frequent headaches. This kind is likely to be in forehead and top of the cranium, tending to become general.

If the individual can be induced to lie down and relax, ready relief is usually obtained. Nervous headaches are largely responsible for the wide sale of headache tablets, powders, and aspirin, as they readily respond temporarily to simple pain relievers.

Much can usually be done to lessen the frequency of such attacks by adopting a program including physical exercise out-of-doors; more recreation of a wholesome type; attention to elimination; avoidance of excitement and agitation; and, where a mental conflict is present, explanation of its mechanism to the individual so that its true nature is no longer unrecognized and its problem hidden.

Constipation may give a most annoying type of headache—one which is commonly worst in back of head and forehead, and which frequently has a surging quality most disconcerting, when one is trying to do mental tasks. Unloading of the lower bowel, even if one must use an enema to do it, will give most gratifying relief within a short time.

Excessive heat, such as many thousands experienced during the summer of 1934, is a common cause of headache, usually more or less general in location. It is also nearly always a forerunner of heat stroke, and should warn one to seek a cooler place, as well as to refrain from physical activity for a time.

Headache not infrequently accompanies derangements of digestion. This probably explains the "morning-after head" which is so distressing—whether the party was an alcoholic excess, or a late

dinner of foods more palatable than digestible. An alkaline purge, or even a heavy dose of some alkaline

seems to offer best relief, as a rule.

Functional upset of glands of internal secretion accounts for many headaches, especially among women. From disturbance of ovaries, the headache is likely to be of a "bursting" type and most agonizing. These are frequently attributed to sinus disease, and their true cause entirely unsuspected. The patient with increased activity of the thyroid is prone to headache, as is also, the one with disease of the pituitary gland.

In some quarters it is believed that the severe type of headache known as migraine results from disturbance of glands of internal secretion. Other observers are sure it is more often due to allergy, or hypersensitization to foods, textile materials, or other substances occurring in the environment of the victim. Probably both views are correct in certain instances; and here as elsewhere, every individual must be considered as a problem entirely different from any other one.

ANOTHER type of functional headache is that due to acute infections, as lagrippe, pneumonia, and smallpox. It is believed this results from action of poisons produced by the infection upon pain nerves inside the cranium. If such is true, it would seem reasonable to suppose the headache so often an accompaniment of certain kidney disease to be produced in a like manner.

If one were asked to enumerate the three most common causes of headache, one should probably list them, in their order of frequency, as: eye disorders, sinus disease, and nervous excitement.

In previous articles, we have mentioned the great importance of eye strain in causing headaches. In addition, various diseases of the eyes are often accompanied by headache of one kind or another. As a general rule, head pain from

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Is The Depression Changing The OLD VIRTUES?

By ELAH

NOT long ago I read an article saying that many of the old virtues by which men have molded their lives for generations past were in the discard. I've wondered since if that is not true—wondered because of what people are doing—wondered if any of the old moral posts are really worth tying to. What I really want are a few true values to cling to, just the assurance that I'm on the right track. Frankly, this is what is on my mind.

You see, I have always been taught that a good citizen was a builder, a progressive member of society, a worker. Ludwig Schmidt, for instance, was acclaimed a mighty fine fellow to have in the community because of his progressiveness. Visitors to our little town were always driven by his home, that they might see how attractively his hedge was trimmed, how the doll house peeped out from under the grape arbor, how artistically the bee hives were arranged in the corner of the orchard. The sightseeing tour was always concluded with, "and he received five dollars for having the neatest yard in _____."

Ludwig had come from Germany at twenty and father, wishing to instill thoughts of industry, thrift, and good citizenship in the minds of my brother and I, often pointed him out as one who had really succeeded. It must have been the playhouse, surely not Mr. Schmidt's bald head that caused me, a child of ten to resolve then that my husband must be like him. You see even then my feminine ego was being fed as imaginary passers-by said, "That is Mrs. _____'s home. Her husband is just too ambitious."

I'm twenty-five now, and seven months married. My husband hasn't a bald head, but he's every bit as industrious as any German emigrant who ever landed. Instead, however, of it being his great asset, it is really his financial handicap.



IT IS A WEE HOUSE, NOT AT ALL PALATIAL, BUT WE LOVE IT. I, BECAUSE I SUPPLIED THE CAPITAL, AND JOHN, BECAUSE HE BUILT IT.

WE married because we loved each other. Even depressions can't stop that, you know. He was out of a job then and is still out of one, that is, a paying job. Fortunately at the time of our marriage I had one and we saved scrupulously every penny for five months. We put those pennies into a house with three rooms and

a bath, all crowded into 24 by 20 feet. It is a wee house, not at all palatial, but we love it. I, because I supplied the capital, and John, because he built it—that is, as far as he could before I fell down on my end of the job.

We are moved in now and beam with pride when people call. But, we are minus inside doors, casings, plumbing fixtures, cabinet, in fact it is far from finished. But, our secondhand stove bakes our bread and our secondhand bed is soft and we are still in love. So we are far from being poor. Please don't think this is a plea for financial help, but rather a plea for what might be called "soul satisfying help."

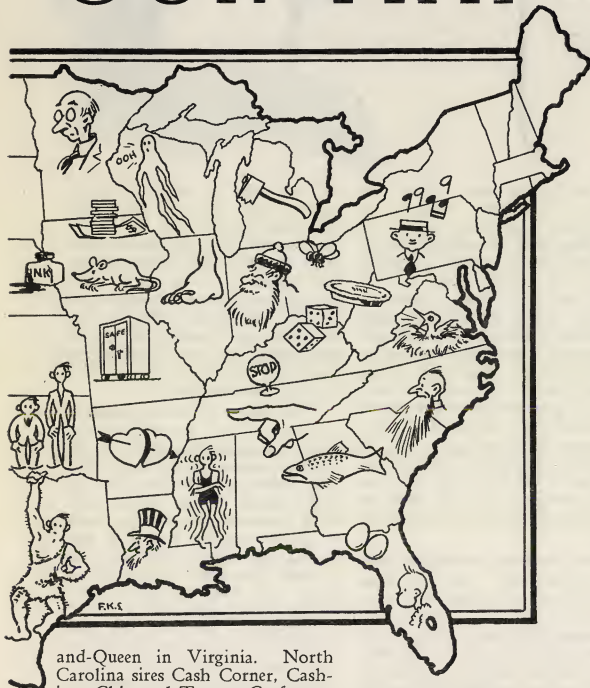
You see, I lost my job because there are to be three of us before long, which you will admit complicates things. The two of us live, and rather well, we think, on vegetables from father's garden and on the milk and eggs John gets in exchange for milking a cow. We've heard though, that babies cost money and wear shoes. Though our shoes are thin, we still have them, so they are not as pressing a concern as the newcomer's.

Although a job with a pay check would be appreciated at any time, we could get along for a while as we are if John Jr. were not scheduled to arrive. Both John and I are creative, at least we flatter ourselves that we are. Our living room is in the process of taking on some rather unique looking furniture. We've killed despondency in what would have been idle hours,

(Continued on page 29)

HERE is set forth one of the present day problems, and how graphically it is set forth! We understand that the "pauper's oath," so obnoxious to many people, has been eliminated from the procedure in giving relief, but the accepting of help is still embarrassing to some people. We print this article thinking that a survey of this young lady's problem will help our readers to visualize the problem of the other person. The lady closes with a question. If any of our readers have an answer, in brief, we shall be glad to get it for "Your Page And Ours" or as a one page article if it is really worth while.

THE WRINKLES IN OUR MAP



and-Queen in Virginia. North Carolina sires Cash Corner, Cashiers, Chip and Trust. Graft prevails in Colorado; while Michigan provides Payment, Maybe.

There's Sharp, Nevada; Security, Maryland; Pawn, Oregon; Git, Hoard, Plus and Joker, West Virginia; Cost, Dime Box, Dinero, Texas. And South Dakota—Nemo!

IN Spring a young man's fancy—you know the lines. Then imagine, if you can, the fancies young men have in the following towns: Coy, Hon, Love, Arkansas; Loving, Georgia; Bliss, Deary, Sweet and Sugar, Idaho; Lovewell and May Day, Kansas; Beauty, Dimple, Eden and Eve, Kentucky.

The moonlit levees of Mississippi give birth to Darling, Arm, Askew, Whynot, Possum Neck and Shivers. Missouri bashfully spon-

sors Neck and Tiff (a lover's tiff perhaps!) and Kissee Mills.

Rugged old Montana has its romantic side with Big Arm, Twist, Contact, Content, Locate, Family and Zero! (Plenty of the latter!)

North Carolina sports Maiden, Devotion, Matrimony, Newlife and Worry. Yazzah!

Oregon is more emphatic with Persist, Promise, Sweet Home and Sublimity.

The whole story of perilous one-arm driving originates in West Virginia. There's Man, Auto, Dusk, Posey, Left Hand, Hazy, Quick, Duck, Omps, Cutlips, Pinch! Could a careless moonlight drive be more complete?

While Minnesota can furnish only Spooner, Wyoming donates Dad, Bill, Difficulty and Verse.

Thus Cupid is geographically portrayed in several states. We assume that it exists in some others, too!

Numbers as town names bob up quite often. Arkansas imparts Fiftysix, Fivemile, Figure Five and Forty Four; while Florida delivers Fifty Seven Mile and Two Egg.

Now glance at Kentucky's Eighty Eight, Threelinks, Twentysix and Thousandsticks.

There's Sixteen in Montana and Seventeen in Ohio; Sixes in Oregon and Six in West Virginia.

We draw Old Hundred in North Carolina; Number Four in New York; Forty Fort in Pennsylvania, and Three Square in Virginia. South Carolina turns in Four Holes, Ninety Six, Nine Times.

You can get Four Horse and Ten Sleep in Wyoming. Oklahoma has no "numbers," just a Bunch!

Believe it or not, there are *three Ripleys*! Mister Ripley, Tennessee's Ripley, and Ripley, New York.

Did you know that Tarzan is somewhere in Texas? That there is an Iron Nation in South Dakota?

No wonder the wags are wagging about the country's morals going to pot, with only one Modest Town in the United States. It's in Virginia. They have Traffic, too.

Will you be suspicious of your brother or sister if we tell you that there are only Three Brothers and Three Sisters in the whole nation? Their homes are Arkansas and Florida, respectively. And Texas claims the only existing Twin Sisters.

Gangland is generally associated with our largest cities, but it is well represented in the small ones, too. Nebraska has a Rackett. Pennsylvania edges in a Smokeless, Smoke-town and Torpedo. Missouri contributes Alley, Blue Eye, Rat and Gang. Mississippi comes back with Soso and O. K. Montana slips us a Quietus. All know where Cicero is.

WE find a Slick and a Tip in Oklahoma; a Spot in North Carolina; while Virginia grazes us with Slash. (Continued on page 42)

Let's Talk About Personality

By MILDRED BAKER

PART VI

AS a man thinks, so is he. Therefore, let no one destroy your faith in yourself, for within you has been implanted a glowing spark of divinity which gives you kinship with the Creator and provides opportunity for unlimited spiritual development.

Spirituality is a quality of inner richness—it is the means by which mortality is transmuted into immortality. It transcends every human quality. Physical attraction, intellectual compatibility, emotional harmony, all are conducive to a happy marital state but the man and woman whose union is a spiritual communion, as well, find in their marriage a richness, a joy, a consecration that lifts it definitely out of the ordinary and makes of it something divine.

Spirituality, it seems to me, is something that may be achieved quite apart from religion. It is the divine heritage of all mankind, regardless of race or creed. It is the out-growth, the development of a keenness of insight, a broadness and depth of vision and conscience, such as Seabury describes as "the highest expression of a personal power of choice, in performance of the task of adjusting the ego to mankind and the natural requirements of life." It is the quality, above all else, that distinguished Abraham Lincoln and that distinguishes every great and noble person. We do not achieve spirituality without the exercise of faith, in an effort to seek the good, the beautiful, the true and to believe that these things do exist in spite of the prevalence of evil, corruption and ignorance. Miller further says, "No man who has attained maturity without acquiring a philosophy of life, its purpose and the existence of a divine Creator, has ever known real life." We who have ears to hear and eyes to see need never lack for inspiration and opportunities for

spiritual development. Who can behold the mighty majesty of mountains, experience the overwhelming thrill of walking among scenes of sheer and exquisite natural beauty, be carried away on the wings of such perfect melodic grace as bird songs at dawn and eventide or meditate in the solitude of pine clad canyons and yet remain unaware of the proximity of the Divine! In this old world of ours, intimate glimpses of such wonders as these kindle our spiritual fires, revive our shrinking souls. All of these bear witness to the creative handiwork of God but an even greater monument to His work is man himself, man in the ascendancy.

SEARCH among your friends and acquaintances. Pick out those men and women whom you consider most admirable, to whom you are irresistibly drawn. What kind of persons do you find? You find those whose bigness, sweetness, gentleness and graciousness cannot but leave a good impression upon each life with which they come in contact. Beautiful indeed, are those women whose faith is unwavering, whose tranquil souls are full to overflowing with the beauty of living, who know the joy of service and look upon life with smiling, eager eyes, not unknown to tears and the travail of pain. Children love them for they are kind. Men and women alike admire them for they are strong.

How can we go about to attain this spiritual development that reflects a radiance in our physical make-up? Surely not by worrying over trifles, by nagging or scolding or by unhappy losses of good temper. Rather must we strive for harmony, a calm, peaceful attitude toward our daily tasks, knowing

full well that we can meet the demands made upon us no matter how exacting they may be; knowing we can cope adequately with every situation that arises; valuing the lessons of life that come through unpleasant experiences and meeting difficulties bravely and with a serenity born of the knowledge that there is a Power higher than ours to whom all may turn for help and guidance.

Then again, we must be orderly. Let us evolve a system whereby time is permitted to perform our regular routine duties but which also admits of sufficient leisure to make possible a daily communion with ourselves, that we may come to know ourselves better, be able to evaluate ourselves more accurately and thus build where we are weak and maintain our worthy strength, our strength of character, of purpose. We must do this! How else can we fully appreciate the beauty that surrounds us? How else can we learn to know ourselves or our children? How else can we understand and help them to solve their problems and to inculcate in their lives true ideals of spiritual development?

Ponder a moment upon the words of Phillips Brooks: "Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God."

Strive then for a high degree of spirituality, for that depth and richness of soul which is the crowning glory of a well integrated personality.



The Poetry of Religious Experience

(Continued from page 19)

Then thou scarest me with dreams
And terriest me through visions,
So that my soul chooseth strangling
And death rather than my life."

BUT the Book of Job invites special attention. The great dialogue between Job and his friends offers perhaps the most moving poetry in the realm of religious experience. The problem raised remains a universal one, and the spiritual sufferings depicted find responsive hearts wherever men ponder deeply the issues of life. Job is the victim of a philosophy, one that blinds him to some of the most obvious facts of human experience. He has never seen men, women, and children victimized by circumstances over which they have no control and which bear no relation to their motives or their acts. He knows nothing of innocent suffering, for basic in his thinking is the assumption that divine justice always exhibits itself in punishing the guilty and in prospering the innocent. Righteousness, to him, is insurance against all misfortunes. His own life has been one of extraordinary virtue. Indeed, he has attained what approaches human perfection. He has, therefore, every reason to look forward to a life of unbroken prosperity and happiness. Then without warning comes disaster after disaster. Flocks, herds, and loved ones are snatched from him with stunning swiftness, and his body is afflicted with a painful and loathsome disease. And for it all, his philosophy or religion offers no explanation. The appalling conclusion forces itself upon him that God is no longer a God of justice. Rather, He seems a capricious and vindictive God, saving the evil and destroying the good. In agony of spirit, Job curses the day that gave him birth and pleads with his alienated deity to grant him death:

"Oh that I might have my request,
And that God would grant me the thing
that I long for!
Even that it would please God to destroy me;
That he would loose his hand and cut me off!
Then should I yet have comfort."

The great debate of the *Book of Job* affords, however, no solution to the problem of innocent suffering. Perhaps there is none. The

greatest lesson that Job learns is one that sooner or later most of us learn: human life is a fragile thing, and human beings live in a world the events of which are not all to be explained by any simple philosophy:

"Man that is born of woman
Is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down;
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

THE examples of religious experience here given are merely representative of a variety that is almost infinite. I am aware that the fact of variety in religious poetry may to some readers constitute an

objection to it. The thoughtful student with a theological tendency is likely to argue that in religion ultimate truth alone counts. "What value," he is likely to ask, "can come to the seeker for religious truth from the study of religious experiences which are admittedly emotional, illogical, and contradictory?" My answer is this: If the student of religion is interested only in the quest of ultimate theological truths, he should, perhaps, not read poetry at all. But if he is interested in the truth about human beings in their attempt to find religious meaning in the world, then let him spend his days and nights with the poets. For back of nearly all religious poems is a human search for deity, an eager reaching of human hands in the dark for the finger of God. In all of them there is a revelation of the essential nobility of man. From them the understanding and sympathetic reader should turn with a new consciousness of human dignity, and with a new determination to live his own life more courageously and more nobly. And from them should come to all of us a lesson in tolerance, a resolution not to ask of all men that their views of human life and being be made to conform to the pattern of our own.

AND one need not abandon one's own sense of religious value to respond with sympathy and delight to the varied and conflicting experiences of religious poetry. One may grant that some experiences are more truly religious than others. One may admit that the meek submissiveness and simple trust of the *Twenty-third Psalm* are better than the arrogant self-assurance of *Inviatus*, better than the rebellious questionings of the *Book of Job*. One may admit that the intimate consciousness of a kind and just personal God directing the affairs of the universe in His own inscrutable way is more genuinely religious than the loftiest skepticism, or the most sublime despair. One may grant these things and still feel that each poetic attitude, nobly and beautifully expressed, has its own intrinsic value. For each lends its tints and shades to the spectrum of the religious experience of the race. Each of us may have his favorite color, and still enjoy fully the variegated beauty and splendor of the rainbow. Indeed, to the philosophic mind, here and always, the beauty of the whole excels the beauty of the parts.



JOSEPH GIBBY

The Cover

THE Cover this month was prepared by Joseph Gibby, an artist of Los Angeles, and submitted in response to our note in the October number of the magazine.

Mr. Gibby was born in Morgan, Utah, Oct. 4, 1907, a son of James H. and Matilda Anderson Gibby. With his family he moved from place to place until they settled in Ogden in 1919, where the youth studied at the Ogden High School and art under LeConte Stewart, the well known Utah artist. In February, 1926, he went to Los Angeles, where he has resided ever since. At first he did lettering and many other tasks at the various art studios. At present he has a studio of his own where he is doing commercial art.

He has been and is active in Church work. He was the first M Men president in the Wilshire Ward, Hollywood Stake, and at present he is second counselor in the Tenth Quorum of Elders of that stake. He was married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1929 to Alice Furer and the couple have two children, a boy and a girl.

The drawing for the cover came to us ready for the engraver with instructions for the artist and the engraver. In addition it was accompanied by a color scheme showing how the sketch was to be treated.

We have had a number of sketches submitted, but most of them cannot be considered because they came in too late or those making the sketches did not follow our suggestions. We can use only two flat colors.

The Greatness of Joseph Smith

(Continued from page 9)

ritual merely, as one division of modern Christianity maintained, or through *grace* only, as taught by another division; and he substituted an idea more in harmony with life as we know it, as well as with a proper understanding of the Scriptures, that men are saved through *knowledge*. The future, he taught, is an extension of the present, just as the present is an unbroken continuation of the past. From the eternity that was through the time that is into the eternity that is to be—this is the ceaseless stream of the human ego; and its growth, the push of it towards perfection of character, depends, not upon whim and caprice, even in

God, but on its observance of universal law. Furthermore, in that future world each person will find his own place and level; these will be predicated upon his present worth and past behavior; and he will find employment commensurate with his intelligence and dignity as a human being, instead of on his musical ability in praise of a great Egoist.

Thus Mormonism, as Joseph Smith conceived it, is a complete pattern of life. It is not a creed, a sect, a church merely, nor even a religion, but a society. Nor has it in contemplation any element of force or compulsion. That is not the way of growth. Said the Prophet: I teach my followers correct principles, and they govern themselves.

From the point of view of the man, it is in a way unfortunate that up to the present almost the

whole stress has been placed by the disciples of Joseph Smith upon the origin of his ideas. For the tendency is to minimize the man, to put God in the forefront and the individual in the background—a reversal of the process applied to every other prophet, whether in the Bible or the *Book of Mormon*. The truth is, as everyone knows who has had any dealings with learners, that you cannot put a big idea into a small mind, any more than you can put a gallon of water into a pint cup. That Joseph Smith was able to hold so clearly and firmly a large group of deeply fundamental ideas, is all the proof we need of the greatness of his intellect. His mind was exceptional in its clarity, its range, its penetration, and its solidity. It is on this basis of ideas that Joseph Smith will be increasingly regarded in the estimation of mankind.

Yes, I've Visited the Carlsbad Caverns

(Continued from page 15)

hide myself in thee." A male quartet somewhere singing effectively was giving us a genuine thrill as we sat there at the foot of an altar builded through fifty million years by the invisible forces of water and air and limestone. A light was thrown upon the beautiful formation making the song all the more effective. Then one by one the sections of lights were turned on, beginning in the very rear of the Big Room. The light came forward until at length the fairy-like place was flooded. It was a moment never to be forgotten. It was as if we were present on that first morning when God said: "Let there be light."

Breathless, at the guide's bidding, we rose and continued on our way still in a veritable labyrinth of beauty.

At length we found ourselves once more in the lunch room from which we had emerged two and a half hours before. What hours there were there under the Good Earth examining her jewels.

The crowd was divided. Those who had to catch buses were allowed to leave by the elevators first. We who had our own cars but were in somewhat of a hurry, were whisked to the surface next through

750 feet of solid rock. Those who had the time and the inclination walked back the way we had come. The elevator fare was fifty cents.

When we reached the surface we could scarcely believe that a world could be so brilliant or—so hot. We found ourselves in one of the stone houses we had observed before we went underground, but a quarter of a mile away from the entrance to the caverns.

When we returned to the store we found Superintendent Thomas Boles visiting among the tourists. He asked us if we were sorry that we remained over to see the Caverns. All of us answered emphatically in the negative. Superintendent Boles agreed then to send pictures of the Caverns to me at Salt Lake City for use in *The Improvement Era*. If you have enjoyed the accompanying pictures you have him and Jay Leck, of the Leck Photo Studio, to thank.

When we left the Caverns we passed on our way out of the park to talk with and photograph Jim White, hero of the Carlsbad. Mr. White is not connected with the Park service but we found him to be a pleasant, accommodating, middle-aged man of the cowboy pattern. He sells his own story of the finding and the exploration of the Caverns.

TO hear Jim tell of those bats and those three days spent in Pluto's kingdom with nothing but strings

and improvised torches is to hear really a heroic story. By the way, more than 100,000 tons of guano were taken from the bat corridor between 1901 and 1921, and sold as fertilizer. It is estimated, according to the booklet about the Park, that this was accumulated over a period of between 1,500 and 1,600 years. It seems impossible that such an accumulation could occur over any length of time, but when one pauses to reflect that there are, estimated, 3,000,000 bats that consume an estimated 11½ tons of insects such as mosquitoes, moths, beetles and the like in a single night, one can believe in that accumulation.

The explorations in the Carlsbad Caverns still go on. Later some of the lower corridors may be opened to the tourists, but as yet nothing to exceed in beauty that wonderful Big Room has been found.

If you live in the West and would like a winter outing, the road to Carlsbad is always open and the weather is usually rather fine. If you live in the East, the Caverns are even more easily accessible. Winter or summer, however, the Carlsbad National Park can easily take its place with the finest of the Parks as a place of natural wonders to which the lover of nature in its most delicate as well as its most magnificent moods can return again and again.

Why the Headache?

(Continued from page 22)

difficulties of vision tend to be worst in the afternoon and evening, although this is not invariable. They do, however, almost certainly show greater severity after using the eyes, especially for close work such as reading and sewing.

In contrast to the afternoon headache of eyestrain, that from sinus disease usually occurs in the morning. It is common for the patient to awaken with pain, which gets worse for a few hours, then rapidly subsides, only to reappear the next morning. This again, is not invariable, and a chronic sinus disease may give more or less constant headache. Or the discomfort

may appear only during afternoon hours.

Headache is a common symptom of many forms of organic disease, and when one suffers from more or less continuous pain in the head, getting perhaps better at some times and worse at others, but present constantly in some degree, steps should be taken to ascertain its cause. Such a situation often promises some serious disease as an underlying reason.

Where frequent headache and vertigo, or dizziness, are associated, it is likely to be of more serious significance than where either one alone is present. Headache and unsteadiness of gait; or headache with vomiting or blurred vision, may signify disease of the central nervous system, and speedy attention should be given to determine its underlying cause.

The individual with a running or discharging ear, who begins having headache, should consult at once a specialist in diseases of the ear, for such a combination often suggests serious danger to the individual's life.

From the few observations recited concerning headache, we hope to leave the notion that pain in the head is a *symptom*, often of grave importance and bearing upon happiness, health and even life itself. Also, may we suggest again that headache should not be dealt with as described in our opening paragraph. Let us say too, we do not wish to leave any impression that the majority of pharmacists would even attempt to treat a patient as there outlined. However, in every walk of life occur the few who seem destined to lend ill repute to the group.

Is the Depression Changing the Old Virtues?

(Continued from page 23)

in creating from a cheese box, a barrel, springs, velour and padding from an old car, what we believe shows promise of resembling something in the overstuffed line; especially the hassock which is just a little top heavy on account of too much stuffing necessary because the model "T's" spring refused to be made sound proof with less. Then there is the tiny cart with a touch of Holland about it that John made to pull behind the bicycle

with which to haul water from the neighbor's and the curtains I made from my tie apron, to say nothing of the things we plan to do. We are going to rock the ditch and make a rustic fence. We really wouldn't miss the pay check for a time I am sure, except for an occasional pang when a FERA employee rides by in a car, but it's the baby.

Don't think he was an accident. No really, he's to be a very welcome intruder. For after all, life has a way of slipping by fast when one reaches twenty-five. What is more, we want a girl soon after though I suppose one can't be too definite about babies before their arrival. Especially is this true this season as nature seems rather tricky and

we may get both in the same allotment. Goodness if that happens I shall have to write another article and that will not be a plea, that will be an SOS with financial in capital letters.

The bugaboo in the works is this. We've felt all along that it took more than the mere signing of the name each month at the National Employment Bureau to land a job with the CCC, FERA or in other words, the National W-O-R-K agency whatever the initials happen to be for the month. Yet John signed faithfully and hoped for the best. But, last week, our suspicions were definitely affirmed when we found out that these jobs are given only to those who are on relief. That didn't set well with John or myself.

THE LONELY YEAR

OH, not the bright harvest of the fields for me!

Rather the chill line of shore, the grey sea;
Not fluttering butterflies, pinks, nor goldenglow,
But the desperate bleakness of trees, bare to the snow.

Never before this year knew I the pain
Of restless April, crying down each lane;
Nor guessed what torture lay outside my room
In the sweet flush of apple trees in bloom.

Now give me only winter's silent cold,
Beauty is terrible when one grows old.
Spring is a weeping ghost of loves that died,
Summer, a sword-thrust in my naked side.

ROSANNAH CANNON

ALL along we've prided ourselves that we have gotten on these two months without relief. When we have eaten our milk and eggs we have been pretty contented that we didn't have to call for help. We even had a moment when we thought we were being better American Citizens than they whose pantries were stocked with the variety purchased with their relief checks. We have known that we could get on relief for we have less than several who have long been provided for, but we have forestalled the day, because something within us drilled there in school days perhaps, just one of those discarded virtues, whispered "charity is for the old and decrepit, the

widows and orphans, those who can't work."

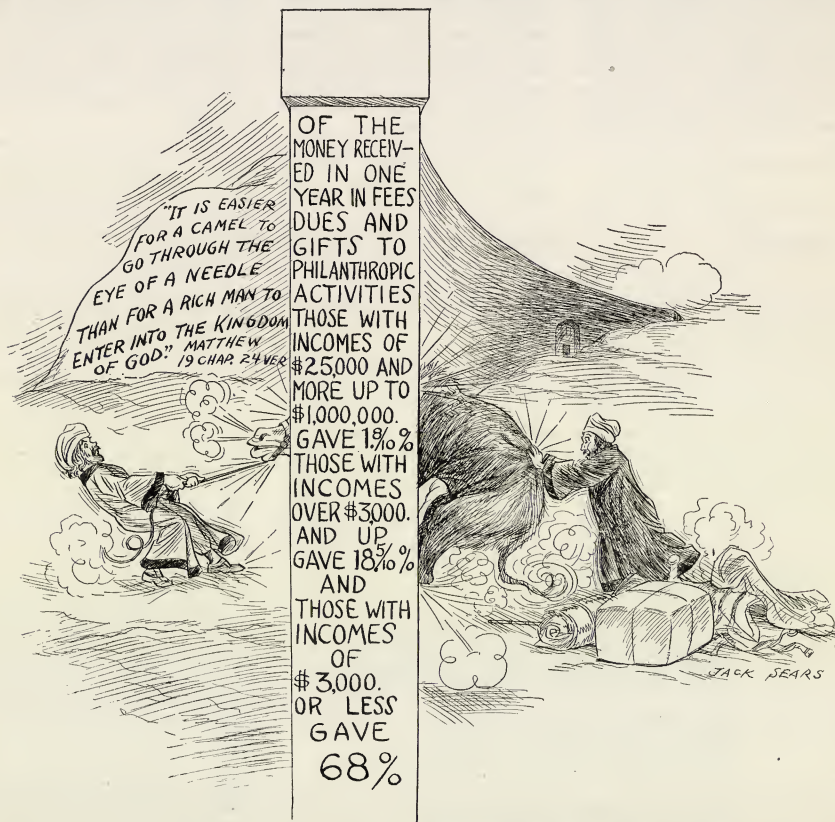
In contrast to Ludwig Schmidt, I remember in more prosperous days how we pointed the finger of scorn at a family who not only received charity, but expected it because the husband had an occasional twinge of rheumatism. Now, however, all around us we hear, "The country owes us a living. If they can't give us work, they should keep us." Constantly we are advised to go on relief. Some say, "No one need know you are

on it, half the community is anyway." Others say, "It's no disgrace, it's the only way a man can get work. Anyway you'll have to help pay it back, you may as well have a little of it."

Of course our parents wouldn't let us starve, although they with their few chickens are not quite able to keep on top financially themselves. They can't afford a baby anymore than can we, but they will do their best to help. Yet it is not from them we want help. Things should be reversed. It is we who

should help them. They are old and tired, we are young and anxious to work.

Now Mr. Editor, are we bull-headed and stubborn with an overdose of false pride, or are we clinging to one of the virtues which should not be discarded, one which helped to build this nation of ours. We thought we were, that is why we are still on milk and eggs. If not, why must we become paupers in order to get a job and why must babies with able-bodied fathers be branded as charity babies?



MEN and women who have been receiving large gifts from rich people for the institutions over which they preside were lamenting a few months ago the fact that if no great fortunes are amassed institutions and organizations depend-

ing upon philanthropy may grow lean. A survey which appeared some time ago in the *Literary Digest* seems to indicate, on the contrary, that the hope of such institutions is to be found in building up the common people.

Poetry



Repose

By Mabel Harmer

A HOARY breath upon the field whose brown
But yesterday was green.
Bouquets of grain upon the stubbled down
Bereft of golden sheen.

Thus autumn comes
With milder suns
Foretelling sunless days.
The wary earth, her pains of labor o'er,
Quiescent lies. The squirrel to his store
And winter shelter bies.
Unnumbered seeds, with glory fast within,
Seek resting place. The brook grown thin
Forgets its summer ways.

'Tis but repose. The birds again will sing
A joyous morning call.
On field and stream, another spring
Will work its miracle.

Be Still

By Bert Morehouse

TODAY I climbed the wooded hills,
And listened to the water rills;
They seemed to say:
Be still, and know that I am God.

I stood beneath the stalwart trees,
And listened to the canyon breeze;
It seemed to bring:
Be still, and know that I am God.

I walked the flowery path unheard,
And listened to the song of bird;
It seemed to sing:
Be still, and know that I am God.

I sat upon the sunlit ground,
And in the vibrant silence found,
That very day,
My life was one with living God.

Banquet Night

By Guenevere Anderson

THEY are lighting the candles on the tables,
Ladies with shining, groomed hair and lovely dresses
Are lighting the candles.
There is music—memories quicken—
Beauty glows—hearts are stirred.
It is a gala night.

Outside, somewhere, a little boy draws
about him
A tattered coat. His shoes are rags.
He bites back a whimper: the wind is cold.
He wishes he had a dime.

"Not by bread alone" man lives.
There must be beauty, music,
Memories, lovely voices, charm.
But, dear God, suppose there isn't even
bread?

Poets to Receive Prizes

WITH this number Volume 38 of *The Improvement Era* begins. That means that the poetry contest begins again also. We are not ready just now to announce what form the contest will take or how the poems this year will be judged, but we can say that cash prizes will be given again at the close of the Volume.

Poets everywhere are eligible to receive these prizes. Here are the rules, such as they are. Poets submit their work for publication in *The Improvement Era*. It must be original and must never have been published anywhere before—not even in local or school papers. The editors select what poetry they desire for the magazine. At the close of the year, the poems adjudged best will be awarded cash prizes. Of course, the magazine will continue to pay 12½ cents the line up to 30 lines. Longer poems are rarely used, but if authors have what they consider to be unusually good ones, the editors will be pleased to read them.

Lost

By Christie Lund

SOME of us walk solitary ways,
In crowds we sense our own alone-
ness most;
Despite the gawdy role each of us plays
We are but little children—frightened,
lost.

Some of us know hunger that belies
Our seeming satiation. And we stand
Uncertainly, while something in us cries
For the surty of some forgotten hand.

A Miracle

By Minnie I. Hodapp

THERE is a miracle divine
Transcending all that's fair,
A gem to make earth's darkness shine
With holy radiance rare;
It is the heart-power to forgive
That love and joy again might live!

Forgive!
The word is like a chime!
The essence of brighter cheer
That sheds a genial golden gleam
O'er ice-fields bleak and drear
The soul becomes a teeming sod
Fresh-blossoming like Aaron's rod!

Melodies Elysian

By Octave F. Ursenbach

DRAWN is the curtain 'gainst that erst-
while sphere.

Aye, Providence was wondrously right
To dim those once clear memories from
us here,

That we might walk by faith instead of
sight.

And yet withal, some subtle flashes come.
That seem to breathe a soft tranquility—
Impressions of a prior life and home.
Oft dimly pierce the veil's translucency,
Dreams come so vivid, born not of this
earth—

Faces though strange suggest some long
known friend—

Knowledge innate from springs before my
birth,
Somehow, in some way, seem to sweetly
blend.

The sun of all these melodies that come,
Attests of God and ante-mortal home.

Nothing Is Lost

By James Owen Tryon

NOTHING is lost, so long as dreams
re-build
The shattered walls and bastions of our
lives.

Nothing is lost, so long as hope revives,
With its recurrent springs, what frost has
stilled.

This plot of earth which I call mine is
filled.

With powers prophetic, with a strength
which strives

In quiet ways to break its icy gyves
And disprove winter's boast that it has
killed.

So lest I grant that this poor strip of
ground

Which greens and quickens to a voice
unheard

Has more of immortality than I.

I shall not take misfortune at its word

Or let my soul to poverty be bound.

Have we not both the roof-tree of the
sky?

I Adore Old Things

By Estelle Webb Thomas

I ADORE old things.

Old tales and legends;

Fragile old china,

Old gems and laces;

Mellow old pictures,

Polished old brass,

Massive old sideboards,

Priced old glass;

And to finish the picture

And bring it to life,

A white-haired old man and
His precious old wife.

Editorial



Volume Thirty-eight Begins

WITH this number of *The Improvement Era*, the magazine enters upon a new year. This is the first number of Volume 38 and during all of the thirty-seven years of the existence of the magazine I have been a staunch supporter of it for the simple reason that during all those years I have believed in its purpose and in the cause it represents.

In its pages have appeared many of the finest articles and stories and poems that have ever been written for Latter-day Saints. Men and women of the past and present have made its pages live with messages of lofty thought and fine spirituality. Through it the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith has been explained and expounded again and again. The Gospel as it has been restored in this day and age has been taught; the glory of the life to come has been convincingly portrayed.

For many years the missionaries in the field have had this messenger come to them free of charge in order that it might be read and digested and passed on to converts and friends that they, too, might partake of the spirit of this work. The good that *The Improvement Era* has done in this way can scarcely be estimated, for many a person of whom we know nothing undoubtedly has read it at the home of a friend or at a public library, and has left it knowing more of the Mormons and esteeming them more highly than he had done before. The *Era* is one of the best missionary factors which the Church has today, and missionaries value it highly as such.

How many boys and girls reared in the homes of the Latter-day Saints have had their first zeal for the Gospel enkindled by its pages, no one can say, but I always feel that a family is safer, boys and girls are better protected if in their homes they have access to this publication.

This new volume, beginning with this issue, will carry on the traditions of the magazine. Our young and our older people will be encouraged to give voice to the thoughts which arise in them; they will have the opportunity of writing as well as of reading material which will be important in molding the lives of the coming generation.

I trust that the Lord in His goodness will inspire those who guide the destiny of the magazine that it may be as a living fountain of Truth springing up and influencing those who peruse its pages so to order their lives as to be entitled to an eternity of joy in the life to come.

Sincerely,

Editor.

Walk Bravely

AS the New Year comes to us, may we all walk bravely forward!

Let the word "bravely" take all meanings—splendidly, courageously, stout-heartedly, gamely, daringly, unswervingly!

Within each man and woman is implanted the *liahona* of his being. It is not merely a compass pointing unwaveringly to a star—to a goal; it is a *liahona* working according to the faith of him who owns it. It keeps its needle upon the legend—"Do what you think is right." With its owner rests the responsibility of finding out, and thereby knowing what is right. It does not condone ignorance, nor does it guarantee to the indolent safe voyage.

We all have our past years by which to chart our course; we all have the goals out ahead suggested by the Gospel. We know upon what rocks our shins have been bruised in coming thus far. We know there are other hazards ahead. Next week, next month, we may go down in a tornado not of our making; we may see storms ahead; the flash of lightning, the sweep of rain, but if the *liahona* of our soul is working and we have been able to keep that needle pointing steadily to the legend, then perhaps, if we go down, we can go down gloriously.

If we can walk bravely always through this year, we can be assured of a satisfaction which we can hug to our souls in lieu of what other people may call success!

Comrade on the great highway, help us and let us help you to walk always bravely!—H. R. M.

The Church Goes "Home"

ONE HUNDRED FOUR years after the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized in New York it returned to that state with one of its regularly organized stakes composed of regularly organized wards.

That is a significant announcement.

Misunderstood, harassed, and harried, it was practically driven out of that state into the western wilderness. Pausing only briefly at Jackson County, Missouri, Kirtland, Ohio, Nauvoo, Illinois, the headquarters moved westward into the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

The headquarters moved, but the Gospel remained. Carried by missionaries and loyal residents of the Empire state, the glad tidings of the restored Gospel remained. Even in President Joseph Smith's day, New York City and New York state were looked upon as key positions. The Church maintained a newspaper in the metropolis at one time which rivaled the New York Times in size if not in importance.

For a long time now the headquarters of the

Eastern States mission has been located within the limits of the great city on the Hudson. For several years, members of the mission and of the various branches have been clamoring for a regularly organized stake. They have maintained that their numbers have warranted such a move on the part of the Church, and that the rapidity of transportation between Salt Lake City and New York make it even closer than some of the stakes of Utah once were.

President Heber J. Grant, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon and Don B. Colton, president of the Eastern States mission, were present and effected the organization.

Fred G. Taylor, a former resident of Ogden, Utah, and for several years president of the New York Branch, was selected as president with Elders Howard S. Bennion and H. H. Haglund as first and second counselors, respectively. The New York stake is the 110th Stake of the Church and is the only one east of Colorado. Others, however, are certain to follow in the not far distant future, as the period of expansion is undoubtedly on.

Building Zion Today

BUILDING Zion Today" is the theme adopted by the general committee which has in charge the Annual Leadership Week program which will be held at Brigham Young University, January 28 to February 1. All of the departments of the short course will be built around that idea. The problems of the present and some of the possible solutions will be pointed out by experts of the inter-mountain region including many of the general authorities of the Church.

The week will close on Friday with the state convention of social workers, although practically all of the other departments will continue Friday as well as on the other days.

The M. I. A. General Board is lending assistance and suggesting courses which in their opinion will be helpful in carrying on their own program. Other auxiliaries will undoubtedly participate.

These Leadership Week conventions have become splendid clearing houses for ideas. Attendance and participation from a wide area of the Church population tends to make them important factors in unifying the membership of the Church upon religious matters as well as upon matters not essentially religious but cultural.

At the institution the Church maintains a splendid faculty of trained men and women who ought to be used frequently in building up Zion today, socially, culturally, and spiritually. These experts are placed entirely at the service of the people who come in for the short course. Those in charge of the program have cast about for matters which need study and will soon issue their curriculum in order that people may see whether there will be something of special as well as general interest to them. The committee has always welcomed suggestions from the Church and auxiliary authorities as well as from civic leaders.

The influence of this Week has been widely felt

in the past and its influence will undoubtedly widen as the years pass.

"Building Zion Today" is a theme to which every Latter-day heart can and will respond. We are looking for a land and conditions better than this or these and many of us believe they can be found by earnest searchers.—H. R. M.

Holding On

OUT of a railroad station a train was pulling, moving slowly but gaining speed with every puff of the engine. A quarter of a block away a man was observed, running with all his might toward the train, unmistakably trying to catch it. Bystanders in the depot good-naturedly cheered him on, calling, "Hurry; you'll make it!" His reply came from the rear steps, after he had caught the hand-brace of the car and pulled himself up to the step. "I made it all right," he called breathlessly triumphant, "and I'm going to hold on!" Based upon his understanding of the velocity of the locomotive, his own distance from it and relationship to it, he was able to make the individual effort necessary to get him aboard. Knowing something of its course of travel and the place toward which it was moving, he knew that he wanted to go there, and in the way the train would carry him, once he got started.

A day or so later a group of young Latter-day Saint men and girls were discussing the Church and its current trends. "Do you think the Church can make the grade? Can it hold on to its young members?" I was asked by a seemingly sincere young man.

At once the scene in the railroad yard flashed before me. I related it to the group and added a query of my own. "Did the train go out of its course and change its plan in order to pick up a passenger who was a little too slow? Did the train hold on to the man, or did the man have to exert every effort to hold on to the train?"

The Church travels on, its course charted by the wisdom of the Chief Engineer; its mechanics overseen by those called by Him to do His work. Passengers may have to hurry to catch up; work desperately to get aboard, strive unflaggingly to hold on, but, doing so, they are headed toward a glorious destination.—E. T. B

Free to Our Subscribers

ONCE more we call attention to the fact that

The Improvement Era will furnish an index to each of its subscribers who wish to bind their volume—free. This index will contain an index to authors, to articles, to stories, to poems, and to departments. It will be alphabetically arranged making all the contents of the past volume immediately available.

The subscriber needs merely to write in, enclosing three cents for return postage on the index. Orders should be sent in early, however, or we may not have enough to go around.

Please see inside of back cover for reasons why you should, by all means, bind your volume and also for the approximate cost.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES (R. K. O.): An imaginative whimsical girl is adopted from an orphanage and walks right into the lives and hearts of a lovable old bachelor and his sterner sister. Excellent for *Family*.

BY YOUR LEAVE (R. K. O.): The sentimental adventures of a bored married couple lead back home. Smoothly, slowly, humorously told, this feature might serve as an interesting signpost for those who may be traveling in the same furrow. *Adults*.

DANGEROUS CORNER (R. K. O.): A novel treatment of the disaster that might have occurred had an intimate and apparently contented group of friends begun to dig up those bare facts of half-truths concerning most fundamental relationships. A capable cast, good direction. *Adults*.

ELINOR NORTON (Fox): Another triangle story, disappointingly adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's book. Slow moving and despite some very good acting an unconvincing and unprofitable film. *Adults*, if any.

LEMON DROP KID (Para.): A sentimental story portraying the reformation of a race track tout through love for his wife and child. Fails to prove convincing. *Adults*.

REDHEAD (Mono.): When his spoiled drink-loving son and a notorious woman attempt to blackmail him, a sensible and clever father enters into an agreement with the girl and in the end a reformation takes place and Cupid enters into the game. An unconvincing, slow-moving comedy with a good cast and direction. *Family*.

GAY DIVORCEE (R. K. O.-Radio): Superlatively beautiful dancing characterizes this brisk, farcical musical comedy which is furnished with a good cast and direction. The efforts of a young woman to obtain an English divorce from her husband provide frothy amusement. *Adults*.

KID MILLIONS (Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists): Eddy Cantor, as the adopted son of a longshoreman, falls heir to a vast fortune in Egypt and encounters many thrilling adventures in obtaining his legacy. *Family*, if you like Cantor.

STUDENT TOUR (M. G. M.): Merely a series of frothy incidents built around a student tour, a college crew race and a love affair. Trite story, poor direction and disappointing cast, is dull and uninteresting.

365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD (Fox): A noisy musical farce exposes the "school for movie actors" racket in Hollywood. Dull, forced humor and tedious slapstick.

AMONG THE MISSING (Colum.): Aunt Martha, attempting to live her own life, inadvertently becomes house-

THE members of the "Era" staff view and evaluate pictures in all possible cases. When this cannot be done, the estimates of groups of people organized for this especial purpose are taken. The groups previewing pictures and presenting representative opinions are: Nat'l Daughters of the American Revolution; Nat'l Society New England Women; Gen. Federation Women's Clubs; California Congress of Parents and Teachers; Nat'l Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club.

They indicate audience classifications as follows: Children—up to 14 years; Adolescents—up to 18 years; Young People—18 to 25 years; Adults—over 25 years. The advice of these committees, and the "Era," is: "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

keeper for a group of crooks. Her efforts to save a young member of the gang from the evil of his ways makes the story.

THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG (Warner Bros.): A tense, complex, fast-moving murder mystery with rather involved and sordid ethics. *Adults*.



SYLVIA SYDNEY AND GENE RAYMOND IN "BEHOLD MY WIFE"

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON (Fox): Charlie Chan saves a young man, falsely accused, from the gallows, reunites two devoted but distressed young people and solves a baffling murder mystery. The usual type of "Charlie Chan" picture, with a well chosen cast, efficient direction and suspense sustained to the end. Beautiful English scenery. *Family*.

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE (Universal): This story makes kleptomania the delightful, unpunished habit of a "charming" cafe entertainer. It belittles police. *Not recommended*.

SECRETS OF THE CHATEAU (Universal): An uneven and choppy mystery drama that is laid in an eerie French chateau. Photography and lighting of unusual interest. Matter of taste for *Adults*.

CRIMSON ROMANCE (Mascot): The World War, treated from a new angle, and its effect on two young lieutenants, one an American who joins the German air forces before America's entrance into the conflict. A romance runs throughout the story, which deals mainly with the devoted friendship of the two flyers and the ultimate sacrifice of one for the other. *Adults and young people*.

THE CURTAIN FALLS (Chesterfield): A once brilliantly successful actress, now old and impoverished, trades on her fortunate resemblance, to a wealthy eccentric friend who has disappeared and impersonates her in the home of relatives. The possibilities of the story are never realized, due to inconsistencies in the telling and to mediocre acting and direction. *Adults and young people*.

HAPPINESS AHEAD (First Nat'l): A vivid, warm and entertaining treatment of the old theme of the young girl tired of wealth, who finds her pleasures in the commonplace, everyday good times and marries the man she loves. Exceptionally good entertainment. *Family*.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS (Warner Bros.): A comedy burlesque dealing with the low tone, worn-out theme of gold diggers attempting to live by their wits. Plenty of action of a commonplace type that is generally offensive. Objectionable story material given to a talented cast. The poorest of entertainment.

LITTLE MEN (Mascot): From the novel by Louisa M. Alcott. Charming details of old homes and dress and manners. The picture is sensitively directed and finely acted by the large cast of small boys. A family picture certainly, but a little sad perhaps for junior matinees.

Music



Why Choral Music?

Why Choral Music?

SPEAKING from the standpoint of artistic possibilities, there is no form of vocal ensemble which surpasses that of the four-voiced chorus-choir. Since all men's and women's voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass) find a place in it, the mixed chorus is the most natural combination for the musical expression of a community. It has the largest range, and its possibilities for balance and color are much greater than those had by a group made up exclusively of either male or female singers.

Because of these and other reasons, most of the great masters have felt themselves attracted to this form of musical expression and have taken joy in composing for it. For some, like Bach, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner, it became one of their favorite media. An extended literature for the chorus-choir is therefore available, ranging from the hymn and anthem through the chorale and cantata to the glorious oratorio form.

In our Church it very early became a tradition that each ward should have a good choir, until now no ward con-

siders itself thoroughly organized without such an organization. As a result, commendable choral music programs have been given on many occasions to the delight of the members of the ward and the artistic satisfaction and advancement of the performers. It has become evident, however, that in our modern civilization the bids for our leisure time interests have multiplied, so that there is a real danger that singers will be lured away from regular participation in their ward choirs. From the standpoint of the participators this condition would not be so regrettable, if we could be sure that in place of the enjoyment and benefits thus sacrificed, other cultural values were substituted. But, unfortunately, this is all too often not the case. From the standpoint of the organization, it should be remembered that the regular active ward choir has been, and still is, the only organization in our Church which can offer us the particular type of cultural values inherent in serious and purposeful participation in choral singing. This ward choral society should not only be preserved, however, but wholeheartedly perpetuated, for it is needed in the cultural life of our singers and listeners alike. The artistic achievements of all nations where a large number of singing

societies was the rule rather than the exception, have always been highly rated. The persistent encouragement of our ward choirs may yet help to do this for our own communities.

It may be that some ward choirs could add to the satisfaction they find in their work and better justify the time spent at rehearsals, by launching a more ambitious program, or by increasing the amount of carefully prepared choral music they furnish at the regular meetings of the saints. For the encouragement of the younger members of the choirs it should be pointed out that regular participation in good choral singing is an excellent help to all who interest themselves in other phases of music, while those who are already older should not forget that it furnishes one of the most cultural and socially pleasant escapes from the deadening routine and ills of our everyday life. And all members should know that there is no more certain way to learn to enjoy good singing than to belong to a choral society and feel the effect of the music upon ourselves as we learn to express our emotions in song. Schumann must have been well acquainted with this fact, for to his students he used to say: "Sing diligently in choirs . . . for this will make you musical."

A Christmas Greeting from Scripture

Compiled by DONALD A. FRASER

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. Prov. 15:3.

Make unto all the people a feast of fat things. Isa. 25:6.
Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts. Prov. 19:6.
Rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all. Prov. 22:2.
Return every man to his house in peace. 1 Kings 22:17.
Ye have the poor always with you. Matt. 26:11.

Charity shall cover a multitude of sins. 1 Peter 4:8.
He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Prov. 19:17.
Receive ye one another, as Christ also received you. Rom. 15:7.
If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat. Prov. 25:21.
Speaking peace to all his seed. Esther 10:3.
The liberal soul shall be made fat. Prov. 11:25.
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands! Ps. 100:1.
A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. Prov. 18:24.
Salute every saint in Christ Jesus. Phil. 4:21.

Then were they all of good cheer. Acts 27:36.
On earth peace, good will towards men. Luke 2:14.

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of. Matt. 6:8.
Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end. Isa. 9:7.
Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given! Isa. 9:6.

In addition to the aesthetic enjoyment contributed by the music, there is also the refined contribution of the poetry that serves as text. Most good choral music has a text that is worthy of consideration in its own right. Besides, the spirit of the Gospel is reflected in appropriately chosen choral works, whether they be simple hymns or elaborate oratorios. In this attractive and artistic form many listeners who show little taste for the conventional sermons, become interested in the Gospel's message. There is no more effective way of extending the reputation our Church already has in the field of music, than by thoroughly exploiting our unusual opportunities for preparing and performing choral music.

MUSIC is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insect there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs and
sings."

—Lathrop.

Melchizedek Priesthood

December 7, 1934

To Presidents of Stakes
Bishops of Wards and Officers
in the Priesthood Quorums of
the Church.
Greeting:—

Thursday, November 1, 1934, the Council of the Twelve Apostles recommended to the First Presidency the following:

"That we adopt the Sunday School hour as the period for holding of the weekly group activity meeting, devoting that time to Gospel studies adapted to the Priesthood, and such portion of the time as may be necessary to the consideration and assignment of Priesthood duties;

"That we endeavor to make this hour uniform throughout the Church, and that we urgently suggest to the Presiding Bishopric that the same hour be adopted for the presentation of Gospel studies and the assignment of duties to the Aaronic Priesthood.

"In making this recommendation it is suggested that we emphasize the fact that the Bishop of the Ward is the presiding officer in the Sunday School, and that the Priesthood are in no sense subordinating themselves to the jurisdiction of an auxiliary organization, but that they are merely utilizing the facilities of the Sunday School.

"It is believed that the adoption of this recommendation will solve many difficulties now encountered by stakes and wards in providing a suitable hour for these Priesthood activity meetings. It is understood that the General Authorities—the Twelve for the Melchizedek, and the Presiding Bishopric for the Aaronic Priesthood—will prescribe the course of study for the group meetings. It is also understood that the Sunday School organization may be modified where necessary to make provision for the proper training and proper supervision of those who teach the Priesthood classes.

"It is also recommended that in connection therewith the Ward Bishopric, the quorum presidencies and the group leaders meet together each Sunday for a few minutes prior to 10:00.

"It is expected of course that the wives of those holding the Priesthood will participate with them in their study of Gospel subjects."

The First Presidency suggested that before they passed upon the recommendations that the Twelve Apostles meet with the Presiding Bishopric and discuss these changes with them, since they involve the study and activities of the Aaronic Priesthood. Acting upon this suggestion the Council of the Twelve and the Presiding Bishopric

met and duly considered all the matters set forth in the foregoing recommendation, and on November 23, 1934, these two councils submitted to the First Presidency the following recommendation:

"November 23, 1934.

"President Heber J. Grant
and Counselors,
President's Office.

"Dear Brethren:

"Several weeks ago the Council of the Twelve submitted to the Presidency a written recommendation concerning the holding of weekly Priesthood meetings during the Sunday School hour. The Presidency recommended that this recommendation be returned to the Twelve for consideration with the Presiding Bishopric.

"We now beg leave to report that the Twelve and the Presiding Bishopric have given careful consideration to the matter and that both councils are united in support of the recommendation.

"The modifications in the Sunday School program which will be necessary for the utilization of a portion of the Sunday School period for the presentation of Priesthood work have been considered and the following schedule for the order of business agreed upon:

Prayer

By C. Douglas Barnes, Ph. D.
Long Beach, Cal.

PRAYER is probably the greatest motivating influence for good that can enter into the life of an individual.

Prayer should include thanks for past and future blessings, and a request for the health, strength and sustenance which are so essential to happiness.

Prayer should follow a thoughtful consideration of our righteous desires, and should therefore represent to some degree a plan for future operations designed to bring us closer to our goal.

Prayer should be associated with an honest effort on our part. If we ask for health, we should observe the laws of health. If we ask for sustenance, we should be industrious. Prayer should be a motivating influence.

Marden says, "Our mental attitude, our heart's desire, is our perpetual prayer which nature answers. She takes it for granted that we desire what we are headed toward, and she helps us to it." A man will remain a ragpicker as long as he has only the vision of a ragpicker."

Plan for the future and let prayer keep you on the path leading toward that goal.

"Preliminary music—preceding
10:00 o'clock.

Beginning of school and notices
10:00 o'clock.

Singing.

Prayer.

Sacramental Service, including
prelude, Sacrament Gem,
postlude and administration
of the Sacrament.

Two and one-half minute talks.

Singing practice—10:30—10 min.

Sunday School class work—

10:40 to 11:25—45 min.

Priesthood Quorum Activity

Group Meeting 11:25 to

11:55—30 min.

Reasonably for closing exercises

—11:55.

"During the period of the Priesthood Quorums and Group activity meetings, the sisters from 12 years of age up are to meet either in one group, or divided as facilities may warrant, for suitable instruction for which a program will be prepared.

"It is reported that this arrangement has proved very successful in several of the Stakes which has given a trial to it.

"No consideration has been given to a Fast Day program and no recommendations are submitted for a variance in the order of business for those Stakes which now hold Fast Meeting immediately after Sunday School. It is suggested that this program go into effect throughout the Church at the beginning of next year.

"Respectfully submitted.

"(Signed) Rudger Clawson,

For the Council of the Twelve.

"(Signed) Sylvester Q. Cannon,

For the Presiding Bishopric."

The First Presidency on the 4th day of December, 1934, approved this plan and gave it their hearty endorsement. They also concurred with the Council of the Twelve, for the Melchizedek Priesthood, and the Presiding Bishopric, for the Aaronic Priesthood, that this plan be inaugurated, Sunday, January 6, 1935.

It should be definitely understood that this new order of procedure does not in any way interfere with or change the monthly quorum Priesthood Meeting, which must also be held, and which is a meeting exclusively for those holding the Priesthood.

The Priesthood Quarterly Bulletin will be published for the guidance of the Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums, the first issue, for 1935, will be ready for distribution before the end of the present year (1934).

The Council of the Twelve,

By Rudger Clawson, President.

Aaronic Priesthood

Greatest Year in Aaronic Priesthood is Aim of Three-Point Campaign Beginning January 1, 1935

ON January 1, the drive of the Aaronic Priesthood for one million assignments filled in a year, will begin as part of a three point campaign, intended to increase activity and improve the standard of work done in the Aaronic Priesthood class sessions.

The first point in this campaign is to increase activity by setting the goal at one million assignments. The second phase is aimed at increasing the missionary work done among the inactive members of the quorums and the third point is an educational one, aimed at clean living.

Each stake is requested to apportion its quota among wards and to make a monthly check from the new report forms for the purpose of encouraging each ward to make one-twelfth of its quota each month, thus assuring the filling of the quota at the end of the year.

The Presiding Bishopric lays stress on the desirability of having as many members of the quorum as possible fill assignments, and urge that these assignments be made in rotation to all members.

The quota of assignments to the stakes are as follows:

Alberta, 6,428; Alpine, 6,601; Bannock, 3,872; Bear Lake, 6,228; Bear River, 9,076; Beaver, 5,850; Benson, 12,811; Big Horn, 5,851; Blackfoot, 9,256; Blaine, 5,219; Boise, 9,358; Box Elder, 12,918; Burley, 6,898; Cache, 9,440; Carbon, 9,276; Cassia, 2,307; Cottonwood, 13,540; Curlew, 2,307; Deseret, 6,915; Duchesne, 5,907; East Jordan, 10,453; Emery, 9,080; Ensign, 16,372; Franklin, 7,632; Freemont, 11,008; Garfield, 4,532; Granite, 20,644; Grant, 10,646; Gunnison, 4,624; Hollywood, 12,683; Hyrum, 7,956; Idaho, 3,072; Idaho Falls, 12,382; Juab, 5,409; Juarez, 2,267; Kanab, 4,152; Kolob, 7,054.

Lehi, 5,291; Lethbridge, 4,844; Liberty, 24,664; Logan, 10,536; Los Angeles, 13,945; Lost River, 2,833; Lyman, 4,176; Malad, 7,584; Maricopa, 9,316; Millard, 6,019; Minidoka, 5,009; Moapa, 5,433; Montpelier, 6,304; Morgan, 3,619; Moroni, 4,206; Mount Ogden, 11-

584; Nebo, 8,381; Nevada, 3,401; North Davis, 8,505; North Sanpete, 7,960; North Sevier, 4,324; North Weber, 10,113; Ogden, 15,078; Oneida, 6,872; Oquirrh, 8,480; Palmyra, 8,345; Panguitch, 4,489; Parowan, 9,126; Pioneer, 11,963; Pocatello, 10,636; Portneuf, 5,506; Raft River, 2,238; Rigby, 9,456; Roosevelt, 6,385.

St. George, 7,656; St. Johns, 3,987; St. Joseph, 9,014; Salt Lake, 17,316; San Francisco, 6,981; San Juan, 3,555; San Luis, 3,657; Sevier, 6,009; Sharon, 5,567; Shelley, 5,886; Snowflake, 5,873; South Davis, 9,048; South Sanpete, 7,168; South Sevier, 5,137; Star Valley, 6,846; Summit and South Summit, combined, 10,616; Taylor, 5,924; Teton, 5,108; Timpanogos, 4,793; Tintic, 3,231; Tooele, 7,992; Twin Falls, 4,326; Uintah, 7,476; Union, 2,876; Utah, 15,891; Wasatch, 6,291; Wayne, 3,491; Weber, 12,102; Wells, 15,334; West Jordan, 8,819; Woodruff, 5,884; Yellowstone, 6,787; Young, 2,592; Zion Park, 2,899; Sacramento, 2,960, and Gridley, 2,944.

Suggested Monthly Ward Aaronic Priesthood Corre- lation Committee Meeting Program

*(Now Being Followed in Pioneer
Stake)*

1. Perfect monthly record of boys between the ages of 12 and 20.
2. Make assignments for visits and consider reports of visits made. Analyze any failures and determine reason.
3. Survey of attendance records for previous month, Priesthood, Sunday School and M. I. A. Note any evidences of decreasing activity or attendance and take immediate steps to counteract. (Roll books of all groups should be available, as well as the record of all boys between 12 and 20.)
4. Consideration of Juvenile Court Cases referred to the Ward.

a. Discuss each case and try and determine cause back of the delinquency.

b. How may a friendly situation be created whereby each boy may be appealed to.

c. Where causes of delinquency are traceable to the absence of proper home environments, confer with the bishopric and secure their cooperation in having parents contacted and their help solicited.

5. Examine list of boys 12 to 20 for those not ordained to the Priesthood. Work out some activity that will create in them a desire to receive the Priesthood.

6. Educational and Vocational Direction.

a. Acquaint yourselves with the educational desires of the boys.

b. Consider with them possible professions, vocations and business training.

c. When desired, help them obtain schooling and vocational training by being able to advise regarding scholarships, free tuitions and kindred opportunities.

d. Inquire frequently into progress being made in school work. Help work out any difficulties.

e. Arrange occasionally for teaching of lessons in honesty and clean living. (50% of juvenile delinquency is result of some form of dishonesty.)

7. The Three-Point Campaign for 1935.

a. Objective—One Million Assignments in the Church.

b. Ward Quotas—1600 assignments to each 1000 population.

c. Every member of the Aaronic Priesthood to perform at least one assignment during the year.

d. Prepare assignments which may be undertaken by inactive and delinquent boys and consider how they may be prevailed upon to do them. (Discuss this problem.)

e. Check up each month on the

1. ONE MILLION ASSIGNMENTS IN 1935. EVERY WARD TO DO ITS SHARE.

2. EVERY AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEMBER TO FILL ONE OR MORE ASSIGNMENTS.

3. ALL LEADERS TO TEACH CLEAN LIVING—THOUGHTS—SPEECH—ACTIONS.

number of assignments performed and compare with the total quota. The proper percentage should be maintained each month. At this point consider the monthly Aaronic Priesthood and Correlation Committee report which is to be prepared by the secretary of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

- f. Refer to the Sunday School and M. I. A. any assignments to be followed up by those organizations during month as a part of their responsibility in the correlation program.
8. The Activity Program.
 - a. Announcement and general advertising of any social, athletic or other activities for the following month affecting the boys. Consult schedule of Budget events.
 - b. Check up of scout and vanguard troops. Consider ways and means of perfecting troop organization and registration and how to increase memberships. Have Supt. of M. I. A. and scout and vanguard leaders report monthly on this.
 - c. Encourage attendance of scouts and vanguards at the monthly Tuesday night rally in the Gym. Check Gym participation and number of boys who have memberships.
 - d. When necessary, consider class programs and lesson work.
 - e. Book of Remembrance progress survey.
9. A Brief Consideration of the Supervisor—His Qualifications.
 - a. 15 minute topic on boy psychology. (Previously assigned.)
 - b. Necessary attributes of leadership, such as Honesty—Morality—Patience—Kindness—Genuine Interest in boy welfare—Non-smoking, etc. (To be assigned and discussed as often as time will permit.)
10. Impress frequently that discussions of this committee are strictly confidential and should not be referred to nor talked about outside of the committee room. A betrayal of confidences will seriously retard the progress of the boys' program.

Reports Are Important

NEW stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood reports should now be in use in all wards and stakes. The new forms should have been taken up in November covering ward and stake activities for the month of October. It is important that this report be used in all wards and that reports be made

promptly to stake committees. It is recommended that stake committees visit all wards at the earliest possible date and discuss with them the making of these reports. This should then be followed up until every ward is making regular monthly reports to the stake. The stake committee should then compile the information for their own use and for the stake presidency.

These new reports combine the former Aaronic Priesthood reports and the Correlation Committee reports. All phases of Lesser Priesthood activity are included in the one report. The responsibility for making these reports rests with the Ward Aaronic Priesthood committees in the wards and with the stake committees in the stake. Ward and stake clerks should cooperate in compiling the information. Neither ward nor stake reports from the new books are to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric. *The only reports now required to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric are those sent by stake clerks each quarter.* The information required should be taken from the monthly reports by stake clerks to be compiled in their regular quarterly reports which are sent to the Presiding Bishopric.

This new report system is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and helpful report form yet provided for the Aaronic Priesthood, and its use should make possible marked advances in all phases of quorum activity. The making of the report is one of the important responsibilities of the ward and stake committees and should not be neglected.

New Quorum Outlines

NEW lesson outlines for Priests', Teachers' and Deacons' quorums have been distributed through the Presiding Bishop's Office to all stakes where orders have been received. Special efforts were made to have the outlines published in ample time for distribution to all quorums in time for the first lesson of the new year.

The outlines for 1935 are the most complete yet issued. Some of the subjects treated in the first part of the book include "Introduction and Suggestions to Supervisors," "The Lesson Work," "Instructions for Conducting the Class Exercise," "Order of Business," "Suggestions for Conducting Classes," "A Brief Chronology of Church History," "Genealogy in the Aaronic Priesthood quorums," "Good Story Telling," "High Lights of Quorum Supervision," and "Inspirational Thoughts for Supervisors." This information is in addition to the regular lessons which provide for meetings each week in the year. The outlines sell for 10c each. They should be in the hands of all supervisors and all quorum members. The subjects are: for Deacons, "Training in the Aaronic Priesthood;" for Teachers, "The Teacher's Respon-

sibilities," and for Priests "Missionary Themes." Distribution is made through stake clerks to whom all orders should be sent. These outlines are furnished only through the Presiding Bishop's Office.

New Item for Quorum Consideration

A NEW item in the order of business provided for Aaronic Priesthood quorums is suggested by the Presiding Bishopric for the coming year. This item includes "Instructions in duties and in filling assignments." This feature is expected to result in additional stress being given to the responsibility placed upon each quorum by revelation—to teach each quorum member his duties. The revelation contained in Section 107 of the Doct. and Cov. reads as follows:

"And again, verily I say unto you, the duty of a president over the office of a deacon is to preside over twelve deacons, to sit in counsel with them, and to teach them their duty—edifying one another as it is given according to the covenants."

"And also the duty of the president over the office of the teachers is to preside over twenty-four of the teachers, and to sit in counsel with them, teaching them the duties of their office, as given in the covenants."

"Also the duty of the president over the priesthood of Aaron is to preside over forty-eight priests, and sit in council with them, to teach them the duties of their office, as is given in the covenants."

This makes clear the fact that the first duty of the quorum presidency is to teach the members their duties and to sit in council with them.

The new item in the order of business contemplates special attention being given during the activity period of each quorum to the teaching of the duties of each member and discussing the filling of assignments, all of which are in line with the duties of the members. It is believed that increased activity and better results in many ways will be secured if this matter is given special attention in the quorums.

The Presiding Bishopric has again urged that all quorums follow the regular order of business outlined in each lesson manual. Where this is done quorums make progress and the work of each group is completed in an efficient manner. Where it is neglected, many of the important phases of Aaronic Priesthood supervision are overlooked.

Activity Campaign Gets Results

THE 12-13th Ward in Ensign Stake T has made rapid strides in Aaronic Priesthood activity as the result of an activity campaign prepared by Elder Claude Smith, ward chairman. The

Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers Message, February, 1935

Salvation for the Dead

MILLIONS of spirits are awaiting the privilege of embracing the Gospel in the spirit world. Genealogical and temple work must be done for them. Every Latter-day Saint family should devote a part of its time and means to this important work.

This is the advice of our Church leaders:

"I wish you to understand this subject for it is important, and if you will receive it this is the spirit of Elijah,

that we redeem our dead and connect ourselves with our fathers which are in heaven." President Joseph Smith. "High Priests, Seventies and ye Elders of Israel, are you prepared with wisdom and power to officiate for the living and the dead that salvation may go forth to the rising generations, or have you neglected qualifying yourselves in your holy callings and let the cares of the world occupy your entire thoughts and attention?" President Brigham Young.

"No more wonderful thing has ever

been accomplished in the history of the world than the turning of the hearts of the children to the fathers. . . . If you get it into your heart and soul that this is one of the most important things you as Latter-day Saints can do, you will find a way to do it. That is the lesson, of all others, that I would like to impress upon you." President Heber J. Grant.

Those living near temples should be encouraged to do regular temple work. All should be urged to gather family records from every available source.

Gathering Genealogical Records

Remarks by Elder John A. Widtsoe, of the Council of the Twelve

THE Spirit of Elijah has moved upon the people of the earth to a remarkable degree. It is an astonishing thing to consider the number of people who, in every civilized country, are devoting their strength and time and means to the searching out of pedigrees. Thousands of persons have collected genealogies of their own families and the families of others, and thousands of these genealogies have been published at a large cost. Very few such genealogies have sold in numbers sufficient to pay the cost of printing but men impelled by some power greater than themselves take their savings or go to the families and ask for money, to secure the publication of the genealogical facts they have found.

A Spiritual Experience: I know of no work that I have done in the Church which has been so filled with testimonies of the divinity of this work as the little I have done in behalf of the salvation of our dead. I could tell you a number of experiences, but the one that impressed me most happened a few years ago when I accompanied Brother Reed Smoot to Europe. We came to Stockholm; he had his work to do; I decided to see what I could do in the way of finding books on Swedish genealogy.

I knew the names of the two big bookstores in Stockholm. I went to the one, made my selections, and then started across the city to the other bookstore in the hope that I might find some more suitable books. As I hurried along the street filled with people, I was stopped suddenly by some voice which said to me: "Go across the street and down that narrow side street." I looked across the street and saw a little narrow street. I had not been in Stockholm before. I thought: This is all nonsense, I have little time to spend here. I am not going down that street, I have to do my work, and I walked on. Almost at once the voice came again, as distinctly as any voice I have ever heard. Then I asked myself: What is your business in this city? Are you not on the Lord's errand? And I crossed over; went down the little narrow street, and there, halfway down, found a little bookstore that I had known nothing about. When I asked for books on genealogy the lady said: "No, we do not carry books on genealogy. When we get such books we send them to the bookstore"—naming the store for which I was headed. Then, just as I was leaving in disappointment, she said: "Stop

a minute. A leading book collector, a genealogist, died about a month ago, and we bought his library. Many of his genealogical books are in the back room ready to be sent to the bookstore, but if you want to buy them you may have them." Thus we secured the foundation of Swedish genealogy in our library. I could relate many such experiences.

The Reward of the Work: I have the feeling also, my dear brethren and sisters, that those who give themselves with all their might and main to this work receive help from the other side, and not merely in gathering genealogies. Whoever seeks to help those on the other side receives help in return in all the affairs of life. I can think of no better preparation for one's labor on the farm, in the office, wherever it may be, than to spend a few hours in the temple, to partake of its spirit and to give oneself unselfishly for the benefit of those who have gone beyond the veil. The things of the spirit are the great things of life. Things material come and go, they vanish, they are temporal; but things spiritual live and endure and never fade, never end. The strong men in this Church and kingdom live the spiritual life.

report, which is based upon the items in the Lesser Priesthood roll book prepared by the Presiding Bishopric, credits each quorum member each week with every activity performed in the line of duty. Each member is kept informed as to his record by means of a bulletin board which is displayed in the quorum meeting each week. The weekly report is compiled on a point basis, the points being credited as follows:

Date _____
(Name) _____
(Address) _____

ANNOUNCEMENTS VERY IMPORTANT

THE announcements on all of the priesthood pages this month are very important and should be read by everybody—women and girls as well as men and boys.

Activity	Points
Study Lesson	10
Lesson Book to Class	10
Pass Sacrament at S. S.	20
Attend S. S. Class	20
Pass Sacrament at Sac. Mtg.	30
Attend Sacrament Meeting	20
Speak in Sacrament Meeting	30
Scripture Read, at Sac. Mtg.	30
Pray in any meeting	20

(Continued on page 40)

Presiding Bishopric Announces Change in Time of Ward Priesthood Meetings

UNDER date of December 7 the following bulletin was issued by the Presiding Bishopric.

PROPOSED TIME AND ARRANGEMENT FOR HOLDING WEEKLY WARD PRIESTHOOD MEETINGS

After consideration of this important matter by the Council of the Twelve and the Presiding Bishopric, the recommendation has been made to the First Presidency and approved by them that hereafter the weekly ward priesthood meetings be held on Sunday morning during the Sunday School period for *not less than one-half hour* from 11:25 a. m. to 11:55 a. m. Physical or other conditions in some wards may not permit of this arrangement.

The plan proposed is that, after the preliminary exercises and the sacrament, the regular Sunday School classes will form and carry out the Sunday School class work, after which the women and girls will return to the main assembly for a special program and members of the Priesthood will meet in separate quorums for *one-half hour* as indicated above.

It is very important that during that half hour for priesthood work the Aaronic Priesthood Quorums and classes shall proceed promptly and systematically with the order of business, so that every phase of that work shall be given proper attention. The schedule proposed to be carried out in each separate quorum meeting during that half hour is as follows:

(1) Prayer—by members of quorum in rotation.

(2) Audible roll call.

(3) Consideration of means to get absent members to attend regularly.

(4) Reports of various assignments performed during previous week.

(5) Assignments of variety of duties to all members for ensuing week.

(6) Instructions in duties and in filling assignments.

(7) Consideration of social and fraternal activities of the quorum.

(8) Brief instructions by members of the bishopric or supervisor on habits and virtues.

(9) Brief review of Priesthood lesson for the week.

By proper coordination of the supervisor with the quorum presidency all of these matters can be given due consideration during that period, and a very profitable meeting held.

It is to be understood that for the *monthly teachers report meetings*, a suitable time will be arranged by the ward bishopric.

FURTHER DETAILS REGARDING THE HOLDING OF THE HALF HOUR

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEETING ON SUNDAY MORNING DURING SUNDAY SCHOOL. ITEMIZED DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING EACH OF THE VARIOUS ITEMS LISTED IN THE ORDER OF BUSINESS FOR THE WEEKLY AARONIC PRIESTHOOD QUORUM MEETING

(1) Prayer—by members of quorum in rotation. It is very important that every member of the quorum shall be taught to pray publicly and to be taught how to pray appropriately.

(2) The purpose of the audible roll call is to call the attention of every member of the quorum to those that are absent as well as those that are present. The effort should be to get every member who cannot be present to send in an excuse. Those who are absent should be noted and an effort be made through the membership of the quorum to get them to attend the meeting regularly.

(3) Consideration of means to get absent members to attend regularly: Effective ways include sending quorum members as missionaries to visit absentees, special invitations from supervisors and members of bishopric, occasional contacts with parents and appeals to special interests of members.

(4) Reports of various assignments performed during previous week: As the roll is called each member, in answering should give the assignments filled during the week; or a special check-up on assignments filled may follow the roll call. The important thing is to get an accurate record each week of assignments filled by each member.

(5) Assignments of variety of duties to all members for ensuing week: Using the rollbook as a guide, assignments of duties should be made to all members in rotation. The list of assignments printed in the rollbook should be referred to frequently and as wide a variety of assignments as possible should be made. All members, if possible, should be induced to fill assignments. Occasionally it is helpful to have members tell their experiences briefly in filling particular assignments.

(6) Instruction in duties and in filling assignments: One of the principal obligations of the quorum officers is to teach each member his duties and to encourage him in their fulfillment. New members, particularly, should be given careful instructions in their duties and responsibilities and should be taught the best methods of doing the things assigned to them.

(7) Consideration of social and fraternal activities of the quorum: Quorum unity and morale may be promoted by a definite social and fraternal program. Occasional gatherings by quorums or grades of Priesthood should be held. Stake gatherings for all Aaronic Priesthood members are helpful. Visiting and assisting sick members and expressing sympathy in

time of trouble assist in developing the fraternal spirit.

(8) Brief instructions by members of the bishopric or supervisor on habits and virtues: Each member of the bishopric should prepare for his group definite suggestions and instructions regarding personal habits, Church standards, etc. A brief message each week will stimulate thoughts and actions along proper lines and help members to overcome temptations.

(9) Brief review of Priesthood lesson for the week: Each lesson should be assigned for home reading at least once. The supervisor, after careful preparation, should conduct a brief review to develop the important messages of the lesson. The limited time makes home reading on the part of members and intensive preparation on the part of the supervisor doubly necessary to insure satisfactory results. Members studying the lesson at home should be credited with an assignment filled.

AUTHORIZED AGES FOR ORINATION TO OFFICES IN THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

The First Presidency of the Church has authorized the following schedule for ordination to and advancement in the Priesthood.

Three years experience and training for the Deacons—12, 13, 14.

Two years experience and training for the Teachers—15 and 16.

Two years experience and training as Priests—17 and 18. Under the new plan Priests are eligible, if worthy, to be ordained to the office of Elder at 19 years of age.

SPECIAL NOTE

Aaronic Priesthood lesson outlines were on the press before this plan was approved. Where instructions in the outlines conflict with those now given they should be disregarded and these instructions followed.

Aaronic Priesthood

(Continued from page 39)

Assist in Ward Teaching	50
Assist Usher at any Mtg.	10
Prepare Meeting House, etc.	10
Baptized for the Dead	50

Activity

	Points
Visit Quorum Member	10
Cut Wood for Widows	20
Bring in new member	20
Bring in new res. of Ward	20
Revive inactive member	50
Attend Scout Meeting	30
Attend group activity	10
Messenger for Bishop	10
Assist Col. Ward Funds	10
Notify member of mtgs.	10
Assist M. I. A. Officers	10
Keep Word of Wisdom	20
Good Behavior at all Mtgs.	20

Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

Making the Mutual a Missionary Force

By Margaret Jacques of Charleroi

Translated by Mrs. Jeanette Barker

This article, really a speech given by a member of the Church in French was sent in by President Daniel J. Lang, of the French Mission. In order to show the devotion and the fine understanding of Sister Margaret Jacques, the Young Women Executives thought it would be well to run it in the magazine. No one can read it without feeling the devotion of this sister, and without realizing that the Gospel is for all nations.

HOW can we make the Mutual Improvement Association a missionary force in our Branch?

There is a question to which I wish to reply by giving a few ideas about the extent of our obligations as members of this society. Although it is an organization for the uplift and improvement of all, the Mutual Improvement Association is principally for the youth of the Church. In each country, each community, the youth represents the foundation of all hope. We look to youth to carry on to completion the projects begun by us today. The future of youth will be determined by their actions today.

In its perfect organization the Church has attached a special significance to the development of youth and in view of this development has organized the different auxiliary organizations. This educational work begins in earliest childhood in order to prepare its members gradually for the struggle of life and to make of them real men and women.

The Mutual Improvement Association can become a great missionary force in our Church, but to realize this it is necessary that each individual understand and assume the responsibility which is his as a member of the organization.

When one thinks of the missionary work of the Church, the first picture which presents itself to many is that of young men going from door to door distributing religious tracts and delivering to the people the message of

the restored gospel. This is in truth a means of propaganda; it is the one that has been most commonly employed from the beginning of the Church by our American missionaries and which is now being carried forward more extensively by the local members of the missionary society. But there is another means of missionary work; if carried on with perseverance, its importance cannot be denied. This is the example, the manner of living in the group or the community, is the influence of individual action indicative of a sane and well ordered life. The responsibility of this form of missionary work rests especially on the Mutual Improvement Association and should be understood by all the youth of the Church. Thus only will we be able to say that the Mutual Improvement Association is not only a means of missionary work in our Branch but a very great missionary force in the Church. If we could really appreciate the influence which our actions have on the people of our acquaintance or on those we live among, we would be surprised to see how the good and the bad radiate from us.

I read recently in an article written by an American sister which was published by the Star (Etoile) of the Mission. There was in this article a striking example of a young girl who really understood that she had a duty to perform. It was her responsibility to change an undesirable condition by sheer force of good will and self-denial. This young girl, during the vacation, worked in a canning factory to earn

money to go to college. She with a group of eight or nine other women was assigned to cut beans. They were paid according to the amount of work done, thus it was quite natural that these women, who all had real need of the money, should try to accomplish as much as possible. Because of this, because of their anxiety to fill their pans as soon as they were empty, because of their ill humor when one secured the advantage, an atmosphere of envy and jealousy was created. The young college girl at first followed their example, and for the first few days, had the same spirit which dominated the group. But one day, while she waited nervously for her pan to be refilled, she thought how ridiculous was this hostility among them just for the sake of a few cents; and she made the resolution to change this attitude. Sometime later, when she saw one of the women near her unoccupied, she asked the woman to take half the beans from her basket. The woman, astonished, accepted, and it was not long until she did the same thing with another worker. Thus the first step was taken. Little by little this influence spread to the others; her example was followed and soon became the natural thing for all the group. The effect was that the ill natured silence and atmosphere of distrust was replaced by smiles and interesting conversation. The example of this young girl was no doubt simple, but its result was almost a miracle, considering the changed attitude of this little group.

We as members of the Mutual Im-

provement Association, have a special means of preaching the Gospel by our exemplary lives. The Association wishes to make us honorable men and women. It wishes us to be a testimony of the Gospel of Christ. It desires to help us get all valuable knowledge; it desires us to keep the Word of Wisdom—in a word it desires us to live according to the ideals of the Gospel. If we live according to these ideals, if we respect ourselves, and if towards others we do our best to live in accordance with the Gospel, the influence which is radiated from us, will be an influence for good.

No matter whether at the office, at the store, at the factory, at the work shop, in all our relations, such a life cannot help but inspire the respect of all who come in contact with us. No one can blame us for the ideals which we practice and which we can defend, but on the contrary, they will feel our sincerity and our strength in our desire to do good. It is thus little by little that the principle announced by Jesus, that good will always triumph over evil, will be exemplified, and other souls brought into the Church.

I pray God that He will help each of us to understand our duty as members of the Mutual Improvement Association, that we may place the ideals of the Gospel above all else.

Sunday Evening Joint Program for February

THIS is the silver Jubilee Anniversary Program celebrating 25 years of Scouting in America.

Suggestions for Boy Scout Sunday during National Anniversary either February 3 or February 10, 1935.

Ward Chairmen of Scout and Vanguard Troop Committee are responsible for preparation and presentation of this program.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

1. Opening Exercises: Appropriate musical program consisting of songs and instrumental numbers by the Scouts of the troop or troops should be a definite part of the program.
2. Flag Ceremony: Make this an unusual ceremony by using special music, flood lights, electric fans for making flag move, small flags, standards, special decorations.
3. Program features:
 - a. Story of Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell and the birth of Scouting.
 - b. Story or dramatization of How Scouting Came to America—Good Turn of English Scout to Wm. D. Boyce, an American traveling in London.

- c. The Daily Good Turn—Golden Thread of Scouting—Talk by Selected Scout. This talk to be supported by dramatization or good turn project to be participated in by audience.
- d. Talk—Growth of Scouting internationally and in America in 25 years.
- e. Three-Minute Talks—
 1. A mother's idea of what Scouting should do for her boys.
 2. A father's idea of what Scouting should do for his boys.
- f. Announcement of troop and Silver Jubilee year's program:
 - Growth.
 - Adornment.
 - Camping.
 - Community Service.
 - Parents' and Sons' Activities.
- g. Dramatization of L. D. S. Church Activity programs for its youth.
- h. Closing Ceremony—Impressive recommitment to Scout oath and law.
- i. Singing—Taps.
- j. Benediction.

SPECIAL NOTE

Suggestions and material for this program have been sent to stake officers.

Grins That Put the Wrinkles in Our Map

(Continued from page 25)

THE absurd and almost unbelievable nomenclature that puts the grin wrinkles in our map is, without argument, unparalleled in the science of the cartographer. But you 'ain't seen nothing yet!"

Take Kentucky, with its Ono, Peevee, Sasser, Ucum, Yahoo, Goody, Goldburg, Hippo, Kidder, Jamboree, Mousie, Spider, Nancy, Viper and Lizzie, to mention a few. Or Pennsylvania, with Cuddy, Hop Bottom, Moosic, King of Prussia, Bird in Hand, Shy Beaver, Broad Top and Pansy. Wouldn't these make a Sphinx grin?

North Carolina cracks our lip with Day Book, Art Cloth, Offen, Pee Dee, Gum Neck, Hog Quarter, Red Bug, Scaly, Topnot, Sly and Bughill.

Don't stop laughing—here's Arkansas with Evening Shade, Hasty, Hog Scald, Jumbo, Blue Ball, Greasy Corners, Last Corner, Tomato, Oil Trough and Weiner.

We're still wiping tears as Georgia hands out Ohoopoe, Ty Ty, Ai, Enigma, Experiment, Jinny, Social Circle and Fry.

Missouri rates Aud, Huzzah, Oyer, Rippee, Cherry Box, Competition, Diggins, Ink, Nail, Zebra and Sleeper.

Shoccolocco, Opp, Rolijohn, Hurricane, Pine Apple, Oaky Streak and Hytop puts a grin in Alabama's placid countenance.

Chin Lee, Sho Low, Tees To and Tuweep are not think laundrymen, but Arizona towns. Which reminds us of Die Fow May Quock Yow Jing Fum Kook. (San Francisco Chinatown United States Post Office Branch Station, to you!)

There's Big Foot Prairie, Belpitt, Bippus, Cyclone, Lapel, Golf and Polo in Illinois.

Can you imagine—Embarrass, Wisconsin!

Ah-Gwah-ching (Minnesota) is not a sneeze either! Kansas, Had-dam. (Still has, for all we know.)

Mississippi struts Alligator, Jay-ess, Hot Coffee and O. K.; while West Virginia gloats over Coco, Droop, Gad, Sue, Cornstalk, Pie, Spry, Removal.

All, Cuckoo, Birdsnest, Pancake, Bullbeggar, Horsey, Ka, Overall,

Ego and Well Water are postmen's calls in Virginia.

Blue Jay, Dobbins, Jelly, Tomatoes and Aromas find anchorage in California.

The battiest towns of all are found in Oklahoma. In fact, Battiest is one of them. Also Bowlegs, Bray, Byng (No offense, Mr. Crosby!), Goodnight, Hurrah, Peck, Long, Short and Slim!

Washington startles us with Hoh, Ohop, Lilliwaup, Steptoe, Pe Ell and Startup.

Colorado provokes another chuckle with Hoopup, Troublesome, Yellow Jacket and Snowmass; while Florida jolts us with Jay Jay and Sonny Boy. New Mexico has a Nutt and a Pie Town.

Indiana does not have the only Santa Claus. There's one in Illinois.

Pumpkin Center has been the butt of many a joke, but laugh this off—it really is a town, in Kentucky.

And now, as every good little story has its Alpha and Omega, let's be different and deviate a bit here by giving this one two Alphas (Idaho and Kentucky), and three Omegas (Georgia, Kentucky and Ohio.)

Era and Publicity



Stakes Leading in Total Number of Subscriptions

1. Idaho Falls	617
2. Maricopa	528
3. Fremont	444
4. Liberty	411
5. Pocatello	397
6. St. Joseph	380
7. Ensign	378
8. Montpelier	378
9. Salt Lake	378
10. Snowflake	348

Percentage of Quota of Each Stake

1. Juarez	146
2. Montpelier	138
3. Moapa	133
4. Maricopa	126
5. Snowflake	126
6. Lyman	124
7. Union	123
8. Twin Falls	114
9. Idaho Falls	113
10. Big Horn	108

As of December 10

THE month has seen a number of changes in the standings of the various stakes. Juarez, a stake which did not appear among the first ten last month has suddenly sprung to the lead making Montpelier take second place in the percentage column; Moapa has jumped to third place and Lyman and Big Horn stakes have nosed into the picture forcing Bear Lake and Zion Park out of the first ten.

Thirteen stakes were over the top on December tenth and a number of others were coming up fast.

Idaho Falls stake has stepped out and increased its lead in the largest number column. Fremont, Liberty, Pocatello and Ensign stakes have forged ahead so rapidly during the past month that they have forced Bear Lake, Mt. Ogden, Hollywood and Moapa out from among the first ten stakes.

Quite a number of changes in these figures are to be expected by next month as the Christmas buying of the *Era* in some parts has been gratifying. It is becoming more and more popular as a Christmas present. Fremont stake has shown the largest growth during the month.

About fifty per cent of the stakes have passed the fifty per cent mark on their quotas. A number of stakes that were very low in the column at the close of the season last year show great promise. A little push and a bit of pull

from the stake officers right now will put some of these over the top.

Nearly three hundred wards are over the top. A great many more will be over by next month. The addition of the new stakes in California and in New York has added an interesting angle to the race this year.

We'd Like to Pass This On

A LITTLE lady living in Idaho said she felt so bad because her home town library did not have *The Improvement Era* that she had decided to write the committee and offer to pay one dollar if the *Era* would allow that rate. The committee liked her suggestion, but could do nothing about it. Her appeal was so effective, however, that the group decided to make up the dollar by each person's adding a mite. Upon learning of the proposal, she wrote back and inclosed her own check for \$2.00, stating that she would make the gift herself. So—some Idaho boys and girls and men and women will have access to the *Era* because one believed fully in it and thought it should be made available.

He Missed the Magazine

Mesa, Arizona.

Dear *Era*:

VACATION days are over and it's like coming back to an empty house—for I have neglected sending you another check for another year. Please send the November number and oblige,

But we couldn't oblige. That November number has been exhausted. Those who wish the December number should order early as the supply is limited.

The "Era" as a Present

CHRISTMAS may be over, but it is not too late to present that friend or that son away from home or a CCC Camp or the home library with a subscription to *The Improvement Era*. Neither is it too late for the *Era* agent to suggest such a gift. The volume now begins with the January number, therefore, this issue is the first of the volume.

With the Church growing several stakes a year as it has done this year the *Era* cannot help but grow with it. If all of the wards and stakes would go over the top—and of course they could if the people could be fully convinced of the value of the magazine—we could

maintain a magazine that would constantly get better and bigger.

Somebody Failed This Family

Gentlemen:

PLEASE send me the *Era* for one year. Send me the November number if you can. We have been waiting for a Mutual representative but they have not come. We feel we cannot be without the *Era* in our home of six children.

Yours truly,

But the November numbers are all gone. Somebody failed him.

Lehi Stake Has Splendid Record On Fund

December 12, 1934.

Brother Alma Pettigrew,
Y. M. M. I. A. General Board.
Dear Brother Pettigrew:

KINDLY find enclosed a check for \$108.15, which pays our general fund in full.

This makes 100% for us every year since the Stake was organized and we indeed feel very happy in this success.

We appreciate the devoted interest our Ward workers have in our M. I. A. for it is through their cooperative efforts that this record has been made possible.

Ever praying for M. I. A. success,
I am,

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) W. L. Worton,
Lehi Stake Supt.

The February Number

THE February number, unless all signs fail, is to be an issue to be preserved. We cannot mention details just now for fear we shall not be able to make good, but we have some fine things lined up if they materialize. That February number, despite the fact that February is Valentine month, is going to be a boys' number—with a lot of flavoring for the girls, of course. Then later we are going to have a girls' number.

February is Scout anniversary month, therefore, an attempt is being made to make it a Scout number of excellent quality.

To give that February number just the right flavor a reproduction of an original Valentine idea will be run on the cover.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY

ACHIEVEMENT Requirements in the fields of Reading, Social Conduct and Conversation are as follows:

A. Individual.

1. Attend M. I. A. at least fifteen times during the current season.
2. Take the appreciation course in reading.
3. Appear in public with one of the following presentations:
 - a. Book Review.
 - b. Reading of three poems.
 - c. Reading of a one-act play.
 - d. Reading of a three-act play.

B. Ward.

1. Give the appreciation course in reading.
2. Have 10% or more of the M. I. A. read at least one book on the regular Reading Course and at least one recommended in the appreciation course.

CONVERSATION

A. Individual.

1. Attend M. I. A. at least fifteen times during the current season.
2. Take the appreciation course in conversation.
3. Participate in a group or ward Conversation Party, at which conversation games are worked out and played.
4. Answer the following questions:
 - a. Name objectives and purpose of conversation.
 - b. Name six topics desirable for conversation.
 - c. Explain why the following D's stand for *Don't* in conversations: Dirt, Disease, Debt, Disgrace, Death.
 - d. Tell what effect the following qualities may have on conversation: tact, understanding, tolerance, humor, consideration, courtesy, broad-mindedness.
 - e. Tell how such spiritual qualities as faith, hope, courage, poise, sympathy, intelligence, friendship, etc., may be developed through conversation.

B. Ward:

1. Give the appreciation course in Conversation.
2. Conduct a Conversation Party, with 10% or more of the M. I. A. in attendance and participating.

SOCIAL CONDUCT

A. Individual.

1. Attend M. I. A. at least 15 times during the current season.
2. Take the appreciation course in Social Conduct.

3. Take active part in demonstration or dramatization of at least six important phases of etiquette.

B. Ward.

1. Give the appreciation course in Social Conduct.
2. Have 75% or more of the members taking this course appear in demonstration of at least six of the phases of social conduct suggested by chapter headings in the course.

The Activity Program

THIS year's activity program is built upon three factors—*education, participation, and recognition*.

Now is the time to check on two of these factors—*education and participation*:

EDUCATION AND PARTICIPATION

The Gospel plan of eternal progression is based on the fundamental idea of acquiring knowledge, increasing intelligence, and successfully applying them. One's appreciation and enjoyment of anything is more or less dependent upon an understanding of the thing itself and the acquiring of sufficient technique to express oneself therein with some degree of excellence.

Since there is no intelligent expression without study and the end of study is expression, it becomes our responsibility to provide first an opportunity for study and second an opportunity for expression. We should remember that education is a coordinate training of mind, body and spirit in order that one might express oneself intelligently, artistically and joyfully along right lines. Music, drama, dancing and poetry are themselves ways of life, for life is activity. The primary need is the need to be doing. Youth seeks action, adventure, motion, change. This longing for expression, this desire for experience, this giving vent to one's personality through doing, is the ultimate channel of happiness. Only through expression do we get the full fruition of education.

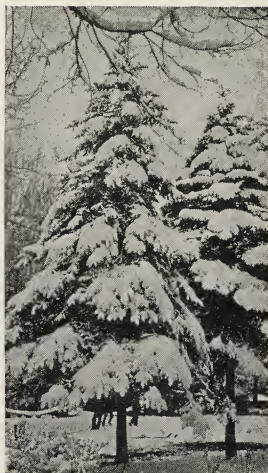
Leaders in the Appreciation courses should avoid too much lecture. Apply through demonstration the truths learned. Particularly should this be so with the youth groups. Every opportunity possible should be employed for expression—preliminary programs, joint sessions (stake and ward), Friday night activity programs, etc. Also, definite occasions such as mid-year festivals in drama, dancing, music, speech-arts, etc., should be provided. Some stakes have already set up their schedule for these festivities in the arts.

RECOGNITION AND STANDARDS

Participation in the cultural courses should carry with it the idea of excellence in demonstration. Community Activity Directors should keep constantly in the mind of participants standards to be achieved, giving constructive and individual criticism as far as possible after each appearance and encouraging every one to attain the highest degree of excellence of which he is capable.

It is to be understood, therefore, that if and when an individual receives the activity award card he receives it because he not only has attended the required number of times, participated in the study program and made his public appearance but also that his appearance was a worthy one. The harm resulting from giving honor to an individual whose performance was careless, slouchy and unprepared may be greater than the good accruing from such appearance.

Therefore, we appeal to all Community Activity Directors to strive to get not only a general participation in our activities up to a high degree of excellence.



THE FIRST SNOW STORM

Photo by Eva Hogan

Adults



"We are made for joy, body and mind—for active self expression."—King.

Getting More Joy Out of Life

WORK comes and goes, for better or for worse. But the hobby, well chosen and growing naturally out of your desires, needs, and abilities, goes on forever. It is a natural and joyful part of your life when things go well, and something to which you can turn for wholesome solace when all the world seems against you.

"Yesterday belonged to the worker.
Tomorrow belongs to the wise users
of leisure."

"In Leisure, the civilized man makes the most of himself. And in the well balanced life flourish the finest fruits of unselfish individualism."

"Nevertheless there are many people who, when time is given them to use as they like, do not know what they want to do. They do not want to be told what they must do, but they are glad of suggestions as to things they might do. They see others happily busy with some hobby or recreation and they wonder if they too would enjoy doing the same things, and if so, how to go about getting started. This booklet is one approach to that question."

"A hobby gives us exciting, absorbing personal pursuits; doing surprising and interesting things—making accurate pictures of the birds of America, creating beautiful books, collecting unusual, though they may be inexpensive tokens of earlier ages, fathoming the mystery of tools, rediscovering the immemorial appeal of gardens—recreations whose merit is that they are not yet standardized popular amusement. They reflect on the practitioner a touch of individuality, originality, uniqueness, that ministers to his pride and satisfaction."

"A hobby makes you interesting to other people. Don't worry about the special aptitude or training necessary to follow a hobby. Such aptitude is more common than you would think, and the training is easily acquired. You train yourself—the training is part of the fun—the only necessity is that you like doing it well enough

to have patience with the details."

"All you need is an occupation that grows with use, develops some faculty of body or mind, or both, and adds, to taste, skill and knowledge. I am not an expert, a specialist, yet I have a lot of fun doing things you might think only an expert could do. I carve wood, use a turning lathe, make ship models and miniature coaches. They are not expertly done but they are good enough. I like to use tools. I used them and kept on using, learning by doing, helped by what I read in books. The satisfaction I get out of it is be-

hobbies, sports, home education, etc. The booklet contains over 100 pages and can be had for 25c at the Desert Book Store, Salt Lake City, Utah. We heartily commend it to Adults.

Some Aims of Appreciation Course on Hobbies

1. To give vision of the innumerable Hobby interests in the pursuance of which one may add to life's interest and joy.

2. To give help in finding material, sources and instruction for the stimulation of members in the feeding of their Hobby Horses.

3. To help people take inventory of their own Hobby interests with a view to their use in helping others to become well-rounded and interesting individuals.

4. To enable all members of the community to recognize and encourage the fine Hobby interests of others.

5. To give members of the group an appreciation and understanding of the valuable contributions in art, science and literature made to the world by outstanding individuals.

6. To show that some of the finest contributions may be made in the next decade both in arts and in the field of Civic Service, by Hobbyists who carry their interests to a fruitful completeness.

7. To point out that in this rapidly changing social order a man's vocation of today may be his Hobby tomorrow, and his Hobby of today may be his means of livelihood tomorrow.

8. To aid all to make progress in the art of well-proportioned living.

9. To focus attention on the need of engrossing activity to relieve the cares and strain of adult life, and escape the melancholy of too much introspection.

10. To help every member to see that expressive activity and the acquisition of a wide range of interests is a chief means to character and happiness and influence; that a man's life is measured by the interests to which he can respond.

We Wish You Joy Thru:

Spiritual Insight

"One does not get sense into his life until he gets spiritual insight."—Fosdick.

Widening Horizons

"Above most other things it is wise to cultivate the powers of appreciation."—Silvester.

Expressional Activities

"Produce! produce! Were it but the infinitesimal fraction of a product."—Carlyle.

Guiding Friendships

"Man may best perfect his powers in ministry for man."—Anon.

yond telling. It is to me the most restful thing I know, this change from my work to my play."

"Many are constituted so that they must feel the usefulness of what they do. Well, any hobby is useful that makes one's life deeper, more worth while, but there are recreations that are altruistic, that contribute to the well-being of others, amusement at least, sometimes social benefit. Many discoveries and inventions have been made by men following research in an amateur spirit."

The foregoing quotations are from a new booklet issued by the Leisure League of America, entitled "Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses," by Earnest Elmo Calkins. It contains a general outline of the subject of leisure time interests or hobbies, and offers more than 700 suggestions for the use of leisure time. It also lists 1,500 carefully selected books on the subject of

START THE NEW YEAR WITH A HOBBY

FIND THE HOBBY WAY TO HAPPINESS—DISCOVERY—GROWTH—PROGRESS—PEACE

Seniors



That Testimony Meeting

THAT fifth Tuesday in January is to be a red letter day in the Senior classes throughout the Church, for on that day they are going to throw off restraint and talk frankly to each other about things as they have been, as they are, and as they hope, some day, to see them. In other words, they are going to have a testimony meeting, if they carry out the suggestion of the Senior Committee of the General Board.

In this testimony meeting we are hoping that Senior members, the youthful, strong, sturdy young men and women of the Church, will bear testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel, as we say, but that they will do more than that. We'd like to hear them voice their appreciation of the social program, the economic program, the physical and mental programs as well as of the spiritual program of the Church.

It is our belief that under the inspiration of our leaders and through the helpful cooperation of all of our members, the Church has constructed a program that is the marvel of the world. Where can there be found such

another? In this organization the program is built around the individual almost from the cradle to the grave. He is important in the sight of God and, therefore, the Church seems to say, he must be educated and strengthened and trained in the art of cooperation as well as in the art of leadership.

The Committee hopes that every member of the various classes will go from that January meeting with his heart burning with eagerness to march forward into this new year with definite ideas of what ought to be done to make us all better and how best to do it in our own communities. If the thousands of Seniors throughout the Church should set themselves to the task of making their own communities better places in which to live—intellectual, social, and spiritual centers dedicated to the perfection of the individual—a new day would dawn for Zion.

Are You Safe in Your Own Home?

LAST spring the *Ladies' Home Journal* published an article by Paul W. Kearney in which the author points out the dangers which lurk around the

home. He says: "It is a brutal fact that one of the most dangerous spots on earth is home, sweet home." He quotes a survey which discloses that out of 117,000 accidents studied, so large a percentage occurred in homes that the company making the survey stated that the "risk from injury at home is almost seven times as great as when riding in busses, taxicabs, boats, airplanes, trains, and other public conveyances."

A gentleman representing the safety department of the Boy Scouts of America recently stated that in the old days when wife parted with her husband who was working on the railroad or in some other industrial plant, she would say, "John, I hope you return safely." Industry has been made so safe, the speaker declared, that now when the worker appears on the job, his boss greets him by saying, "I am glad you escaped injury in your home last night."

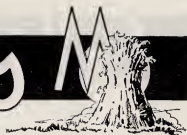
As a part of our safety drive, may we not make our homes safe places in which to live?

Read "The Perils of Staying at Home," *Ladies' Home Journal*, March, 1934; or an extract from the article in the December *Readers' Digest*.



Here is a group of important men belonging to an organization such as many stakes or wards could foster. Did their organization help make them great or was it because they were great that they made such an organization?
How many of our readers, we are wondering, can name the organization and the men?

M Men-Gleaners



M MEN and Gleaners: Are you using the Manual? The General Board has expended its best efforts in securing the ablest talent available to write this year's course of study. Money has not been spared in making it as fine a publication as possible. The purchaser of the Manual is getting it at practically cost price. The big question now is: Are the M Men and Gleaners of the Church showing their appreciation for these efforts by purchasing and using this book?

The records, at the present time, show that an average of only two manuals have been purchased in each of the M Men and Gleaner classes of the Church. This means that only the M Men supervisors and Gleaner leaders have secured copies, and that this excellent work is not in the hands of the members.

Maricopa Stake Gleaners have adopted as their project for this year: "A Manual For Every Girl." Would it not be a good plan to have every M Men and Gleaner class in the Church adopt this same slogan? No class can successfully carry on unless the members are familiar with the lesson material. No class leader, no matter how able he may be, can accomplish much unless the class members have previously studied the lesson.

Every home, therefore, wherein there lives either M Men or Gleaners should have a manual or have access to one.

Manuals, previously studied, become fine reference books. They should be preserved and kept ever available in the home. Information found therein will prove invaluable in Missionary and other Church work in the years to come.

Let us, therefore, adopt Maricopa's project and provide, "A Manual For Every Boy and Girl in the M Men and Gleaner Departments."

In the use of this year's Manual—"What About Religion," Dr. Lowell L. Bennion, the author, urges that as much original thinking be done, as possible, in answering the questions and problems suggested therein. For additional information and supplementary reading he suggests the following:

Division 1—"Ecclesiastical History,"

By B. H. Roberts; "The Apostasy," by James E. Talmage.

Division 2—Testimonies of the divinity of the Church, by its Leaders; "What It Means To Be A Mormon," by Adam S. Bennion;

"Radio Talks," by James E. Talmage, (Evidences of Book of Mormon).

Division 3—"Search of Truth," by John A. Widtsoe.

Division 4—Have some physician who is well founded in the Gospel Principles lecture on this subject.

Division 5—"The Metaphysical Basis of Ethics, by Milton Bennion, Article in Era of April, 1930, page 324.

Gleaner and M Men Banquets

THE more we get together, together, together, the happier we'll be." How true this is for M Men and Gleaners. The whole purpose of M Men and Gleaner Organization would be lost if a delightful socialization of the two groups were not made possible. How better can we climax the year's work than by planning for and having M Men and Gleaner banquets. You see this world of ours needs laughter; it needs chuckles; smiles; and grins; there is nothing more conducive to them than eating together with friends and associates whom we have learned to enjoy and admire. The success of any project depends entirely upon the previous planning and the cooperative working of all who are concerned in its realization. Now is the time for stake M Men and Gleaners to get well under way the committees for this event. A stake banquet is an affair in which every ward can feel a personal pride. There is enough to be done that every M Man and Gleaner can make it his or her banquet. Under a central committee of the stake, see that committees from the various wards are appointed. Decorations, reception, tickets, tables, food and program. One of the finest means to bring about inter-stake fellowship when the distances between wards are not too great, is to have members from various wards act on one committee. In the very process of getting together new acquaintances are formulated; ideals and methods of different wards are made known to the benefit of all wards in the stake. If your finance committee does nothing more than sell all the tickets and have the money in before the affair, they will have performed their work well. Let us have no "bad bills" after the banquet.

Do not let the matter of great dis-

tances discourage you in your banquet plans. For some of the most beautiful banquets in the Church have been where wards were miles apart. The very act of surmounting difficulties and obstacles together has been the secret of the success of the affair. Some stakes where numbers of M Men and Gleaners are so great it seems an almost impossible thing to get M Men and Gleaners together because of housing. The example is given of Granite Stake which has had possibly the greatest number of M Men and Gleaners in the Church. With judicious planning they never fail to make their yearly M Men and Gleaner banquet a glorious climax of getting together and finding happiness.

Pocatello Stake M Men and Gleaners

INSTEAD of having the Annual Banquet, our M Men and Gleaners decided on a Breakfast and held it the morning of our Stake Quarterly Conference. This date being the Anniversary of Col. Lindbergh's flight across the Ocean, the airplane was used for decorations. A beacon light, revolving from a corner of the banquet room of the Bannock Hotel, was very attractive and each table was appropriately decorated with flowers and small airplanes. At each plate was a program which had been made by the Gleaner Girls on which was the airplane painted in the M. I. A. colors. Typed in the programs were the names of the committee workers, the program, and this thought:—

FAITH

God made the ocean,
Separating man from man;
But man fashioned wings;
The ocean to span.

God made Heaven and earth
And the sea between them wide,
But man with winged faith
Can cross the Great Divide.

—Asa H. Willie.

The program was fitting to the day and their guests of honor were the visiting authority Elder Samuel O. Bennion, and the Stake Presidency. One hundred and fifty M Men and Gleaners attended. Breakfast was served at 8:30 a. m. and the group then attended to the morning session of our conference.

Gleaner Girls



"What About Religion?"

NEVER have we had a manual that it was more important to place in the hands of the individual members of the group than this year. There is a youthful spirit which it is almost impossible to get without personally reading the words of the author. The wider the distribution of the manual among the Gleaners of the Church the greater the interest and benefits to be derived from this timely study. Realizing this the leaders of Maricopa Stake adopted as their project for this year, "A Manual for Every Gleaner." We recommend this to all our stakes.

In the Joint M Men-Gleaner notes will be found suggestions for supplementary reading.

Testimony Night

EXPRESSION is one of the laws of growth. In no field is this more true than in the field of religion. That which we make into words seems to make itself into our lives.

Do not begin the evening by stating

that "Tonight is testimony night." Such an announcement may cause self-consciousness. Often the spirit of testimony is established by the opening prayer, or the first talk—given either by the teacher, or a previously assigned speaker, who will in the course of her short talk encourage girls to tell their spiritual experiences.

Or the following may form a basis for discussion that will stimulate testimony bearing:

1. Discuss nature and need of a testimony.
2. Value of testimony bearing.
3. Spirit of testimony bearing.
4. Effect of testimony bearing upon a person's life.

A testimony of the Gospel gives us strength and power to meet calmly and bravely the vicissitudes of life with a deep abiding faith that God will help and bless us according to our need. The greater the need the greater the blessing He will bestow—we will never be left alone.

Testimony bearing consists of many things, such as: Expression of gratitude for temporal blessings—food,

shelter, clothing, home and all it stands for; spiritual blessings—parents, birth in the Church, if not, then the blessing of having heard and accepted the Gospel; knowledge of its principles; testimony of its truth and the testimony that it was revealed through Joseph Smith, and that those who have succeeded him as Presidents of the Church are Prophets of God; relating personal blessings that have come to you through the Gospel; special manifestations of God's kindness; answer to prayer; inspiration and knowledge; guidance, comfort, understanding and promptings of the Spirit of God.

There are other testimonies than those borne in meetings. Many have been written and can be preserved. Every Gleaner has in her "Treasures of Truth" book a section for such testimonies. The following testimony taken from the fly leaf of a gift book of the combination of Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and Pearl of Great Price, tells the inspiration that these volumes of scripture have been to President Heber J. Grant.

New Year's Day 1922.

*My dearly beloved John & Rachel
Accept this volume of sacred
scripture with the love & blessings
of an affectionate father.
More than any other book I have
loved the Doctrine and Covenants
The words of our Heavenly Father in
His Son Jesus Christ, contained therein
have been an inspiration to me
from childhood.*

*As a boy of about fifteen I read
carefully & prayerfully the Book of
Mormon & these came into my heart
an abiding & firm testimony of its
divinity. From that day to this its wonder-
ful teachings have been a comfort, abiding
& a guide to me. On this New Year's Day
a day of thanksgiving I thank God from
the bottom of my heart that I read the
life of Joseph in my youth, I fell in*

*love with him then, & his life has
influenced mine for good more than
any other character in ancient history,
sacred or profane—save only the
Redeemer of the World.
While the people of the world
generally are in doubt regarding
God and Jesus Christ, I thank the
Lord that He has His Son have re-
vealed themselves and spoken to
man in our day (Book of Morm. 76:63-20-24)
also Sect. 110 - vs. 1-4
In the darkest hours, when death
has entered my home, or when
financial and other troubles
have oppressed me I have gone
to the Book of Mormon & the
Doctrine and Covenants for in-
spiration and comfort and have
never gone in vain.*

*May the contents of these
inspired books bring the
same joy, peace, comfort and
guidance to your lives as they
have brought to mine is my
most earnest & sincere prayer.
Your affectionate father,
Heber J. Grant.*

Vanguards



Vanball Finals Date Changed

TO meet conditions arising in several councils the date for the Vanguard vanball all-church championships have been changed to the last week in January. They will be held at Logan, Utah. The exact dates will be announced as soon as final arrangements are completed by the Logan officials.

Safety First in Archery

A FEW months ago, four Scout leaders were wandering down a wooded road. Two were practicing with their bows at stumps and mounds of dirt, while the other two were watching the sport and walking about. Suddenly one of the archer's shots, though aimed to the right of the men who were now walking off, struck a maple tree a terrific blow, then glanced off at a sharp angle with seemingly increasing speed, directly toward the two men. A shout of "drop!" startled those in danger, but before they could obey, the arrow had passed between them and buried itself to the feathers in the butt of a rotten birch!

Scout Executive Berry of Rutland, Vermont, has developed the following code of safety for archers, which may well be taken for a working basis:

1. Shooting field laid out, and if possible off in fan shape with greatest width at end where targets are placed.
2. Straw targets or hay-bale targets thick enough to prevent the arrows going through; or, better still a high butt of screened dirt.
3. Legs of target stands covered with bagging or loose paper to prevent ricocheting.
4. No archer permitted to shoot more than six (6) arrows in an "end."
5. No one permitted to leave the shooting mark to approach target until all have finished discharging their arrows.
6. No arrows to be shot that have no feather (apt to turn at right angles).
7. No broad-head or other hunting-point arrows to be permitted in camp or on courts.
8. Flight shooting course to be carefully laid out to avoid trees, bushes, or "blinds" behind which someone might be standing.
9. Make sure that all new bows have been tested for length of the arrow they are to use. Bows break most frequently, when over-drawn or snapped from a few draws without an arrow on the string. When they do break,

they have a nasty way of knocking one down or driving a broken piece into the face. (Keeper cords to hold the upper end of the bow string when the bow is unstrung are dangerous if the bow breaks.)

10. Bows that show checks should be wound with silk twist or other strong thread for a short distance to save the bow and avoid breaks.

Emigration Ward Vanguards Excel in Priesthood Activity as Well as in Sports

LEADING the stake in Aaronic Priesthood activity, engaging in ward teaching 100%, observing the Word of Wisdom, every member enrolled in Sunday School and the leading class in M. I. A. activities are some of the achievements of the Emigration Ward, Liberty Stake, Vanguards, in addition to winning the Church-wide championship in vanball. In a report of the activities of the group, requested by the *Era*, A. L. (Roy) Johnson, Vanguard leader, includes the following:

"Our Vanguard Club is completely organized with a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Athletic Mgr. and Team Captain.

"Our meetings are carried on in a dignified and business-like manner with class officers conducting until all business is transacted, when the time is turned over to me for lesson work. Our class meetings are opened and closed with prayer. We aim to have a testimony meeting once a month. It is surprising what fine testimonies the boys bear. I consider these meetings some of our best. I recommend this idea to other leaders. To break the monotony I have brought in detectives, aviators, and other professional men who have given the boys interesting talks.

"We plan some sort of social once a month for the Vanguards and partners. Now that the vanball season is over we are taking up retold story, music, and gleaming material for our individual scrapbooks.

"Since organizing three years ago, we have had 90% of the boys in the ward enrolled in our class. Our average attendance has been over 85% of the total enrollment of the Sunday School. In Aaronic Priesthood activity the teacher's quorum of Emigration Ward leads Liberty Stake. Members of the troop have won distinction in high school, operas, oratorical contests, etc.

I have not been absent or tardy from officer's prayer meeting, or Mutual meeting in three years. I have missed but one Union meeting.

The boys were the only class in our Mutual to pay the Mutual fund without outside help, turning in 100% fifteen days after the opening. They also sold 100% Gold and Green Ball tickets.

Maricopa Stake Plans Aggressive Vanguard Program

MARICOPA STAKE, in southern Arizona, has recently planned an active, aggressive program for Vanguards. Following a series of conferences, in which all who are concerned with the leadership of boys participated, plans were adopted to conduct Vanguard programs throughout the stake. A special Vanguard Leaders' training course was conducted in November by Scout Executive George F. Miller and Field Executive Edward Saxon, of the Roosevelt Council. Considerable enthusiasm has been manifested among leaders with every indication that in future Church finals in Vanguard activities Maricopa will be very much in evidence. Archery and vanball are to be stressed in the activity program.

Early in October a joint Vanguard-Scout and fathers and sons' outing was held. The program was one that would be of special interest to northern boys. How would you like to take a reptile hike into the Arizona desert at eight o'clock at night? That was part of the program. The events scheduled were such as to interest and instruct in a very effective manner.

"PALS OF THE ARROWHEAD TRAIL

Tune: "Home on the Range"

O'ER hill and o'er dale,
Where'er leads the trail,
We are ready to serve at the call;
As Vanguards of old
To advancement we hold,
We're pals of the Arrowhead trail.

Chorus
Oh Vanguards!—the hope
Of our country, our church and our home,
Where duty may call
In line quickly fall
Oh pals of the Arrowhead Trail.

Junior Girls



Joyous Youth

"JOY IN SCHOOL LIFE"

WHAT a world of memories come to us when we think of our school days. We who have passed the time when we go regularly to the school room may call to our minds the happy hours spent, not alone in mastering the rules of reading, writing and arithmetic, but in the beautiful friendships we have made, which will remain steadfast throughout our lives and hereafter. Our Junior Girls are having many delightful experiences in their school life. Why not have them write these events into their books, "My Story, Let I Forget." Perhaps they have had teachers who have asserted such an influence for good over them that their whole life pattern has been changed.

There was a teacher, in years gone by, in one of the Salt Lake City Schools, who had a group of boys under her care for two years. She became so entrenched in their affections that when she died they gathered together their nickels, dimes and quarters until they were able to build a monument over her grave, and until this day they visit this spot and bow their heads in humble reverence. Without exception these boys, now grown men, have attained to places of prominence and distinction in the communities in which they live. They cannot remember much of the history, geography or arithmetic she taught them, but they do remember that she inspired them to be manly, to be loyal, to be kind and unselfish; and the love of country which she instilled into their hearts was so great that their patriotism to this day runs high, and they have all served their country in one way or another when the necessity has arisen.

These school experiences are valuable and the memory of them will be a source of great joy to the girls in years to come if they are recorded and preserved.

"JOY IN FRIENDSHIP"

The Quest

Crossing the upland of time,
Skirting the borders of night,
Scaling the face of the peak of dreams,
We enter the region of light.
Then hastening on with eager intent
Arrive at the rainbow's end,
And there—uncover the pot of gold
Buried deep in the heart of a friend.

The seed of friendship begins to

grow in the ground of service. Friendship is the glorified desire to do for another. To have friends you must serve those around you. Bother to do the extra little things not expected of you. To serve is to grow and friends come during the process. It is like the boomerang—you give out the feeling of helpfulness and cheer and sure as the sun shines, that same amount of friendliness comes back to you. If ever you feel alone, neglected and crosswise with home and pals, look into your very self. Get busy right then doing some act of kindness. Any good you can say, any friendly act you can do is worth all the time and bother it may take. You see, it takes loving service to make friends and more loving service to keep them.

Discuss with your group the following statements made by famous people: "Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one," Robert E. Lee. "When love and kindness cease all enjoyment is taken out of life," Cicero. "Friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good," Taylor.

Junior Festival

THE season for festivals will soon be here and so beginning with this issue we are submitting ideas that have been worked out and successfully used by some of the stakes. The following was sent to us by Nebo Stake:

Nebo Fairylend: A most beautiful and fantastic spirit was developed in our "Fairylend Festival" and our entire hall was turned into a mystical sphere. "The Man in the Moon" was lighted and hung in the center of the hall. Floodlights of red and green, and fantastic trees provided the unique decorations. The stage was arranged with a king and queen in effigy, and children dressed in brownie costumes sat on huge bright colored stools. The hall was a veritable fairylend where each ward sat at its table, which, through centerpieces, place cards and costumes, pictured fairy tale or nursery rhyme. The following stories were represented: Alice in Wonderland, Puss in Boots, Woman in the Shoe, Queen of Hearts, Little Jack Horner, Cinderella; and the stake board table was decorated to represent fairylend in general.

Programs with fantastical, airy designs of fairies and elves, nymphs and imps, were placed at each plate and gave the following order of numbers: Fairy music—string quartet; Dance of the Nymphs; Junior Song (the room was

darkened and each girl held a lighted sparkler). The herald, dressed in costume, introduced the Fairy Queen (Stake President); Magic Wand (General Board); Princess (Stake Board); Nymphs (1st year Juniors); Fairies (2nd year Juniors); Goddesses (Mothers); Brownies (Ward Officers).

Each ward's story was carried out in their table decoration and program number. The original toasts were of such nature and arranged in order to make a fairy story about the Junior Girls and their good friends of Nebo Stake.

Remember the Junior Festival is for all of the Junior Girls. Make your arrangements with this thought in mind. Read paragraph on page 107 of "Joyous Youth." The theme of the Junior Manual for this year adapts itself very well to the Junior Festival. Whatever type of entertainment you plan make it joyous, in the true sense.

Junior Festival of Los Angeles Stake, 1934

THE Los Angeles Stake Junior Festival was a function that will be well remembered.

Each of the nine wards chose a particular country as their theme, and the tables, costumes, food and programs were in exact keeping with that country. Prizes were awarded for the best tables.

Home Gardens Ward, typifying China, won first place. Their table center piece was a miniature Chinese temple and their dishes were of Chinese design. All the girls wore Chinese costume and makeup, and they served chop suey with chop sticks. "Poor Butterfly" sung by the girls in chorus completed their very splendid demonstration.

Adams Ward carried off second honors, their theme being American Indians. President Muir made a very striking Chief, in his feathered headpiece and deer skin, beside Mrs. Muir who also wore a headgear of like make. Dr. James L. Woodruff vividly portrayed a very wise medicine man who proved to be rather noisy at times with his "tom tom" and war whoops. The toasts given by Dr. Woodruff were very fitting, and being in verse form and written by himself, deserve special mention. Indian songs by the girls in chorus fit perfectly into the theme.

Manchester Ward, having chosen Holland as their theme, carried away third place. The table gave the impres-

(Continued on page 52)

Scouts



The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth.

NO. VI—INDICATORS OF NEEDED ADJUSTMENT

Editor's Note: This is the sixth of a series of articles.

IT is an acknowledged procedure for the trained practitioner of medicine to observe systematically and record mentally or otherwise any and all evidences about the patient that depart from normal physical health. This systematic observation of symptoms and evidences leads to the formulation of a judgment or diagnosis of conditions. There follows a careful listing of causal factors with a plan of remedial treatment designed to return the patient to a state of normal health. Through years of development and emphasis this method is the standard and knowledgeable procedure of the skilled doctor.

In a similar manner the trained psychiatrist and psychologist observes the overt as well as hidden reactions of human nature. These reactions reveal to the trained observer indices or indicators of mental or emotional maladjustment. A display of hatred or fear or seclusiveness in the reactions of individuals to normal situations become symptoms of personality defects. These evidences are as objective as temperature, high blood pressure or perhaps unconsciousness in observing physical maladies in a patient.

An act which to the untrained observer may be interpreted as "plain cussedness" or "deviltry" takes on a different aspect when observed in the light of personality defects.

Some of the factors which influence personality development have been detailed in the preceding chapter.* It is now the intention to present some of the indicators of needed adjustment to assist those interested in boy welfare in understanding the reactions of some boys.

As has been stated the well adjusted person will possess, generally speaking, a healthy body, normally acute sense organs, balanced perception, a good memory, sound judgment, rational associations, emotional balance and motor control. It is hardly possible that the boy will possess all of these factors at all times during adolescent development. The boy is educable to many of the above factors and must

The February Era

SCOUTS and **Scouters** of the Church are going to enjoy the February number of "The Improvement Era" if all the ships we have put to sea come back to us in time. That number is going to emphasize the boy program of the Church with special emphasis upon Scouting which includes Vanguard work.

The Sunday evening joint session for February has been turned over to the Scouts and Vanguards. It is to be hoped that a carefully prepared program will be presented in every ward in the Church in such a manner as to "sell" Scouting to the fathers and mothers as well as the boys themselves.

be taught under the thoughtful guidance of an adult who is himself rather well adjusted.

Any extreme departure from the list of characteristics detailed as conducive of normal adjustment may result in reactions which become evidences or symptoms of maladjustment or personality defects. These indicators of needed adjustment must be recognized by leaders of boys if they expect to make the greatest contribution possible to the welfare of boyhood.

The following observable reactions are indicators of needed adjustment and are symptoms of deeper strains and difficulties which depart from normal well-balanced personality:

1. Attitudes of hate and envy are often copied from older people and indicate a departure from normal. They may arise from a felt slight from older people.
2. Attitudes of cruelty show lack of social adjustment to the value of life and may persist to a point of extreme sadism.
3. Attitudes of fear tend to indicate basic conditioning that is detrimental to normal growth.
4. Attitudes of suspicion indicate certain basic social confidences that are immature.
5. Tendency toward introversion is indicative of lack of social attitudes.
6. Tendency to exaggerate one's illness is an escape reaction designed to arouse sympathetic attention.
7. Tendency to blame others for one's difficulties is another escape reaction showing lack of mature characteristics.
8. Tendency to day-dream, when

extreme, is an adolescent escape mechanism showing willingness not to face reality.

9. Tendency to regress and to live in the past is also indicative of immature development.

10. Tendency to seclude oneself shows certain social tendencies that may hinder development.

11. Over suggestibility is another indicator of needed adjustment showing immature judgment and ability to weigh consequences before action.

12. Feeling of inferiority with acts that tend to assume an apologetic attitude may indicate deeper stresses of inadequacy.

Boastfulness, bullying, undue sex interests, acts of stealing, lying and many others are indicative of needed adjustment. These reactions do not just happen. There are causal factors back of the social as well as the anti-social reactions of people. While both the reactions and causal factors are exceedingly complex and interlocking it is possible to obtain much objective data to assist one in interpreting these reactions and in planning remedial procedures.

In the future when we plan boy work let us individualize upon the boy's nature and needs and proceed to obtain objective evidence of true conditions that we may be wise in our dealings with boys.

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WE come in our trust unto God, and the moment we so embrace Him, by committing our total being and eternity to Him, we find everything is transformed. There is life in us from God; a kind of Christ-consciousness is opened in us, testifying with the Apostle,—Christ liveth in me.—*Horace Bushnell.*

*See *The Improvement Era* for December.

Bee-Hive Girls



Thoughts for Bee-Keepers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

MAY the giver of gifts give unto you
That which is good and that
which is true

The will to help and the courage to do,
A heart that can sing the whole day
through

Whether the skies be gray or blue,
May the Giver of Gifts give these to
you.

BEE-HIVE HEALTH CODE

"Plain food for the stomach,
Vigorous exercise for the muscles,
Pure air for the lungs,
Sound sleep for the nerves,
Good cheer for the liver,
Great thoughts for the head,
Holy aspirations for the heart,
Kind deeds for neighbors, and
Pure love for God,
These things make life worth living,
And Heaven sure of winning."

BUSINESS

Bee-Keepers' books are now available for all, price 60c. Will you kindly make all necessary adjustments in Guide work as quickly as possible. We would like all Swarms to be working in unison. We heartily congratulate you upon the past accomplishments, and appreciate the fact that it has not been easy without your hand books.

We wish to remind you again that

this is the twentieth Bee-Hive Anniversary. Think of what you would like to do to celebrate this event. The Bee-Hive Committee will have suggestions in later issues of the *Era*. What are you and your Swarm going to do? We hope that foremost will be the desire to make of this year one of outstanding accomplishments in real Bee-Hive work. Write and give us your Bee-Hive news for this department of the *Era* and for our section in *The Deseret News*. The Lyman Stake has a fine little stake paper called "The Buzz." Each Swarm in the stake contributes its news of activities of the Swarm, also original poems, songs, etc. The paper also carries an Honor Roll of all girls in the stake who have attended Mutual during the month without being absent. Each girl in the stake contributes two pennies each month to finance "The Buzz." All material is sent to the stake Bee-Keeper, who arranges and mimeographs it.

From the Field

THE WELLS STAKE BEE-HIVE BUZZ

AS a summer project the Bee-Hive Girls of Wells Stake made preparation for their Bee-Hive Buzz, which consisted of a program and bazaar held Nov. 24 in the Wells Stake House.

Many cells were filled in the field of out of doors, and plants were grown from slips and seed. Nu-

merous cells were also given in the fields of Domestic Art and Home. Toys were fashioned, also household helps made for brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers by the three hundred Bee-Hive Girls and Bee-Keepers in the Stake.

We also had a refreshment booth. Each ward had previously priced and listed their contributions, that the proceeds could be returned to the respective wards and swarms. The prices ranged from one to twenty-five cents, with a few more expensive articles. Each ward was responsible for one booth and at the close of the program, checked with other wards.

An interesting program was given by the Bee-Hive Girls, each ward contributing one number. An admission charge of ten cents was made to this program and each individual was given a ticket on the sunflower quilt, contributed by the Stake Bee-Hive Committee. This quilt was given away at the close of the program. During the evening two girls from each ward sold home made candy.

Approximately seventy-five dollars were taken in during the evening, which will be used for hand books, honey combs, seals and swarm day expenses. The Stake Board Committee felt that the event was a great success.

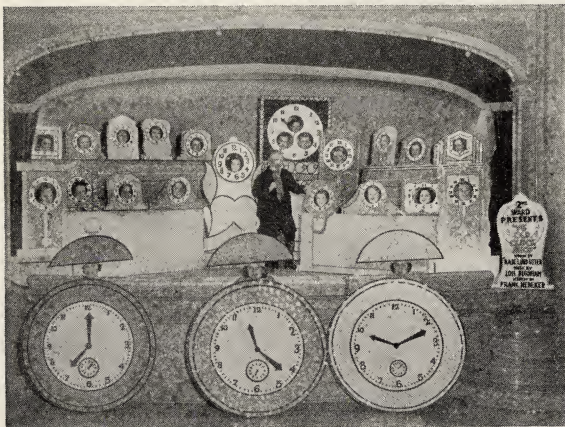
Can't and Will

TWO little men stood looking at a hill;
One was named Can't and one was named Will.
Can't said, "I never in the world can climb this hill."
So there he is, at the bottom of it still.
Will said, "I'll get to the top, because I will."
And there he is now at the top of the hill.
Two little men are living by the hill;
At the bottom is Can't, at the top is Will.

Junior Girls

(Continued from page 50)

sion of a sunny spot in the land of wooden shoes, churns, and tulips—and clean blue and white windmills, as one of them stood boldly in the center of a patch of tulips forming a colorful centerpiece. Brown mugs and jugs completed the service, and the girls looked sweet in typical blue and white dutch costume. One of their number did a clog dance in a pair of wooden shoes to the rhythm of a tune hummed by her sister Juniors, for their contribution to the program.



A CLEVER ROAD SHOW ACT. "THE CLOCK SHOP," PRESENTED BY THE SECOND WARD, LIBERTY STAKE

Cross Country

(Continued from page 11)

"Yas! But it is not lak it used to be, by golly! They gat hills bigger every year, you bat, and if there is no hill they make a scaffold! When Ay start yumpin' years ago they think it impossible to yump two hundred feet. And now you got to go batter than that to gat in the money. And one bad fall—"

"Aw, what does it matter about us? The mob wants thrills."

"Yass! You are young—and you look at Hildegard and think you bate Lars!"

"You're having pipe dreams."

IT soon developed that the mob was to get the thrills it came after. The meet settled down to a reckless duel between the old master, Lars "King" Kristiansen, and young Ted Nelson. Lars had perfect form and years of experience. But forty years of age are a heavy handicap in a sport demanding the very utmost of agility and rubber resiliency of a man. And Nelson had his eye on glory—and the apple-cheeked Hilda.

When Ted joined the professional ski ranks two years previously, Lars called him a kid, told him to keep away from Hildegard until he was a man. A man, it developed, was someone who could handle a pair of hickory skis—who could beat the old master at his own game. Hilda was sixteen then and Ted just eighteen. The rivalry developed, Lars jealously keeping his supremacy, regarding the younger man with that instinctive dislike of fathers for the suitors of their daughters. And Ted pushed the old master to the limit.

On the first jump after the trial leap Kristiansen hurtled two hundred three feet. Nelson topped it with two twenty-seven. Lars flung himself far enough to surpass that by nineteen feet, but the effort of jumping combined with the wind caused him to touch one hand, losing fifteen points. Nelson followed in a mighty stride of two hundred fifty-two.

The announcer was beside himself. "You're seeing a match, folks! You're seeing a match! Watch out for a world's record in the next jump, folks!"

"Ted, don't be so reckless!" Hildegard advised anxiously. I'm

afraid for you in this wind. And Papa. He's jumping too hard. He simply won't let you beat him!"

Nelson kept his grin, but he said. "Get ready to cry, for the time is at hand. It's always sad to see an old champion go down. But I'm Young and this is my day."

"You're stuck up and fresh besides!"

Nelson turned into the hot room, laughing. Lars was rubbing his ankle again, sitting on the sandbox by the stove. Nelson set his skis in the corner and smiled sweetly. "You'd better quit—claim injury or something. Otherwise you'll get beat, and bad."

"Shut up your mouth, you bather!"

The reporter stuck his head in and called Nelson outside.

"Going great, Ted! Great stuff! Old Lars ain't been licked for years and this is big! How should I quote you? Here, listen: 'Lars is a great jumper,' young Nelson admitted generously after vanquishing—"

"Ring off! Tripe!"

"I got another—"

"Listen, there's still one jump. Come back later—if I win."

On the final jump the veteran went two hundred twenty-eight.

"Two hundred will bate him, Tad," advised Gunnerud. "You are ahead. Taak it easy."

The youngster grinned. "Watch this one!"

The right ski dragged as he started, but he straightened, swooped down to the takeoff and made a tremendous spring. Then, landing, a ski twisted. He braced his arms to protect his head, then he was rolling blindly, the world a crazy mass of twisting snow, the long lever of his skis flinging him helplessly over and over. . . .

THEY came to see him in the hospital. Hildegard had a new brown ensemble which made her blonde freshness dazzling.

"I could go for you," Nelson admitted. He pointed at the arrangement of weights and pulleys over the bed. "But this is a big cramp in my romantic style."

"Ay sorry," Lars Kristiansen grunted. "By golly, Ay did not want for you to braak your leg. Tad. Ay did not think—"

"Gwan," grinned the young man from the bed. "You're tickled to death. Had you beat hollow 'fore I took that spill."

"But Ay not think you braak your leg," persisted Lars. "That was accident. Ay figure—"

"Save your sympathy until next season. You'll need all you have."

"We've got to leave," Hildegard was saying. "We've only an hour to catch the bus for the Truckee meet. Doctor wouldn't let us in until now."

"Wait," Lars said. He was pulling his cap between his big hands, shifting the lank body which never could seem to fit into street clothes. Finally, "Tad, I been thinking," he muttered. "About you and Hildegard. She—"

"Cut it," Nelson advised. "Just because I crack a pin is no reason to get soft hearted. We understand one another."

"Ted! you can't talk about me like that!" the girl snapped. "I'm not a prize in a package of popcorn. I won't be won by a ski-jump!"

"We batter go," advised Lars Kristiansen.

TED NELSON was up by the middle of March, and back at his summer job in the service station soon afterwards. Hildegard and her father returned a month later. Ted saw her occasionally during the summer. Then fall came, and the first heavy snows of winter followed. Lars Kristiansen was packing up for a tournament in Vancouver.

"You coming, Tad?"

Nelson shrugged. "The pin—still a little green. Stick around here this winter. Might do a little cross-country work to keep my hand in."

He devoured the sports pages. Old Lars, now forty-one, was still the mighty King Kristiansen. Arrowhead, Big Pines, Ecker, Mount Shasta, Truckee—magic names to Ted Nelson. Lars entered the two main meets at Maple Canyon, the local hill. Nelson went with the squad of cross-country men who scrambled over miles of broken country and arrived at the ski hill amid a few scattered cheers just before the jumping started.

The troupe went east and Hildegard sent a letter in January. "We are all waiting," she wrote, "until you're out of the preliminaries and back again in the big time."

Nelson read that sentence through twice, then crumpled the letter.

She returned with her father in the spring. Ted had been promoted to a traveling job and did not see much of her during the summer. Winter came early, and on the first of November the district manager for the oil company, Jenness, called Nelson into the office.

"I knew you'd want to be getting off, so I've fixed it for you. And you start in the spring where you leave off today. All the boys are pulling for you in the big meets this winter."

Jenness was smiling, but as he looked at Nelson his face became sober.

"What's the matter, Ted? You don't want an office job all winter, do you? Of course, if you want it—"

"No. I was just thinking—no; thanks a lot."

During the next two weeks Nelson went every day into the canyons with his skis. On the second Saturday Hildegard went with him up Maple Canyon. It was a clear day, cold and sparkling. A score of hard-working enthusiasts from the local club were grooming the hill, getting the first snows packed in a solid base. Ted parked the car by the clubhouse. He and Hildegard went on skis to the hill. The members shouted greetings.

"Good to see you, Ted! . . . Got the old sticks out of the moth balls, eh? . . . Got 'er ready for a trial if you feel like it!"

The girl was looking at him. "I supposed—haven't you been coming up here for the past two weeks?"

"No," Nelson said, looking ahead. "Been getting my hand in—doing a little cross-country work by myself."

"Cross-country work."

They helped tramp the hill for an hour, going up and down with skis sideways; then Hildegard climbed high on the hill above the takeoffs, and Nelson followed.

She said eagerly, looking down: "I'm crazy to go off the big jump sometime. But Papa won't let me. He keeps me on the amateur jumps."

"Stick to 'em," Ted advised. "Beyond a hundred and fifty feet it stops being fun. Your life's wrapped up in two slick boards when you take off the big jump."

The girl glided diagonally down the hill to a spot above the am-

ateur takeoff, and stopped with a beautifully executed turn.

"Well, I'll have fun then, anyway. . . . Track!" She leaped around, landing crouched, with skis parallel, and sped down the slope and off the amateur takeoff. She soared into the air, disappeared below the brow of the hill, reappeared on the level far below and her skis threw up a spray as she stopped.

"Track's clear!"

Nelson descended in the cross-country manner, zig-zagging down the slope until under the takeoff, then making a smooth glide. His face was white except for two brilliant pink splashes at the cheekbones.

"Don't feel like jumping today."

"Let's go home," the girl said. The ripe-apple color was out of her cheeks.

Neither spoke until the car was out of the canyon, then Nelson said: "Funny—you know, how people change. I used to think there was nothing in the world like ski jumping. But you grow older—you know—different ideas. I might go in for a little cross-country work this winter—just for fun, you know. After this season I'll stick to my job. You know, a man has silly ideas about things when he's a kid."

"Yes. A person has—silly ideas," she said, and continued with an intent edge to her voice: "There's a meet at Ecker on Christmas."

NELSON stayed home for Christmas. When the professionals came for the New Year's day meet in Maple Canyon, Ted went to bed with a cold. Neither Hildegard nor her father came to visit. Lars twisted his ankle again, and decided to rest a month at home. Nelson went north the next day.

Two weeks later he was in Wyoming, entered in a cross-country race. Nine men were lined up with him, when from among the parked cars came a lank figure who took his place beside Nelson. It was Lars Kristiansen. Neither spoke. All eyes turned to these two—great jumpers, entered in a pacyune cross-country event.

"Here's the course once more!" the official starter was bawling. "Twenty-seven miles through the hills, with the finish at Antelope Flat. Start due west to Little Hen-

ry Creek, follow the stream south through Suicide Gorge, then cut back northwest to the finish. Red flags blaze the trail at two mile intervals."

"How about jumpin' Suicide Gorge?" asked one of the skimen slyly.

The official smiled. "Sure; if you hate your neck."

"Troger Nordquist, he yumped it," rumbled Lars.

"Sure, the first time. And the next year I helped pick him off the rocks below. The officials of this contest advise strongly against it."

"Ay was just wondering," Lars said softly, and he turned to Nelson. "But Ay guess Ay lost my nerve. Sprained my ankle and Ay lost my nerve. Yumpers get laak that when they sprain their ankle—or maybe bust a leg; eh, Tad?"

Nelson stared straight ahead, face white. The starting gun sounded. Four of the racers set a killing pace, with five others following fairly fast. Lars was soon in the rear, with Nelson a ski-length behind.

At five miles they passed the middle party. Another four and they were working through the rolling country on the heels of the two leaders. Kristiansen let the leading pair break trail through the chaparral thickets, followed their herringbone pattern up hills and glided smoothly in their tracks down grade.

"This plenty fun," Lars grunted when he and Nelson were coasting easily down a smooth slope. "And no risk, lak in yumpin'."

Nelson did not reply; the lank veteran continued: "My little girl, she was going to marry a yumper—once."

At the red flag marking sixteen miles, Lars and Nelson passed the leaders. Another mile and the course led in a long semi-circle around a hogback to the creek running through Suicide Gorge. Kristiansen started up the hillside, his skis clipping a precise fishbone pattern in the snow.

Nelson spoke for the first time: "I'll pick you up from the bottom of the gorge."

Lars swung his long hickories parallel, put fists on lean hips and grinned. "Hildegard, she is waiting at Antelope Flat for me. Ay lose my nerve—but Ay not lost it enough to go four miles out of the way because Ay am afraid to yump a little creek. . . . You go around,

ba-aby! I tank Ay go over the Suisade Yump—yust for fun."

Nelson smiled grimly. "Sure; go ahead. I know why. That ankle is giving in. I've seen you favoring it all along. You're afraid you can't beat me without going over the gorge."

Lars continued up the hill. Ted Nelson stood uncertainly, while his breath came fast. Then he clamped his jaws and began savagely chopping a herringbone pattern up the hillside behind Lars.

KRISTIANSEN put on the pressure, pushing straight up the slope at a heart breaking pace. Nelson fell behind a bit. The two men who were second in lead stopped for a moment at the base of the hill for a grim look, then went around toward the creek. The ski pattern in the snow showed that the veteran was taking a smaller bite with his left leg.

When Lars reached the summit he looked back with a grin.

"Ay have dinner raady whan you come in!"

He crouched and disappeared.

Nelson clambered desperately to the ridge. Then, rounding the summit, his breath came in an involuntary gasp. Lars was draped limply around a dead pine a hundred yards down the slope. The veteran's tracks cut through the tops of a half-buried oak thicket; a gnarled stub had deflected the weak left leg; there was a slash in the snow where the ski buckled.

Nelson switched down the slope, skidding to a stop beside the limp figure. He unsnapped Lars' harnesses and straightened the unconscious man in the snow. The scalp was laid back in a red triangle from eyebrow to hair roots. Nelson applied snow to the face. Lars coughed, drooling a thin stream of red saliva, and opened his eyes.

"Ay—getting old."

"How do you feel?"

"All right."

"You're crazy."

"I'm all right! By golly Ay not lat you halp me! . . . Wait!" he commanded as Nelson went to pick him up. "I got something to tell you."

"Spit it out. There's a race on." Lars took a deep breath, rubbed the snow from his face with a vague gesture, then: "Ay make you fall, Tad," he muttered. "That day you braak your leg. You leave your skis in the room and went out

talking with the newspaper man. So from the sandbox I put sand on the stove and whan she is hot I rub it in the wax of one ski bottom.

"But Ay think maybe you only touch one hand and lose points—or maybe fall. I do not want for you to win; but Ay do not think you braak your leg. . . And now you see why you must leave me here and not help me."

Nelson hesitated, looking at the older man as if for the first time realizing the terrific fight of man against age, the almost neurotic struggle to avoid obsolescence, the multitude and the incredibility of the aids and devices by which the passing generation tries to preserve the *status quo* and with which it persistently attempts to distort, and finally blinds itself to, the inevitable. The young do not feel that struggle; the coming generation surges upwards by the very buoyancy of its innate strength, and by the overwhelming force of numbers it crowds out the weary, aging, and the slow; and indeed, perhaps only when the coming has imperceptibly hardened into the passing generation do its members slowly comprehend and then finally engage in the unending siege which is so infinitely pathetic because it is predestined to defeat.

Now Ted Nelson looked into the eyes of King Kristiansen, and he shivered as if the icy breath of eternity had touched him, aging him, deepening the grooves in his face with helpless sadness. Then the young man shrugged, and growled hoarsely:

"Quit talkin'; you might have internal inquiries."

He swung Kristiansen over his shoulders and began clumping up the hill.

"Tad! Ay not let you—I!"

"Why did you come to Wyoming?" demanded Nelson between breaths. "I'll tell you! You knew I'd lost my nerve—that I was afraid to jump. And you figured that since you caused it you had some duty trying to shame it out of me."

Kristiansen sighed from his position draped over the young man's shoulder. "Yass. I wanted you to make one yump. Ay was like that once after a bad fall—afraid inside me. And Hildegarde—her cheeks are not so red now. So Ay come up to halp—you make the first yump."

"But, Tad, it was not only that

Ay made you fall and so was sorry. No. It was because you—well, Ay have always—" He left the sentence unfinished.

Nelson was on the summit, gasping. His legs quivered from the double burden. "Sure. It's the first jump"—desperately—"the first one after a bad spill." He was talking in a low voice, almost as if to himself. "You get over the first one and you're all right. Your heart shrinks up, but you're all right after the first one. . . Hang on, Lars!"

NELSON started down towards Suicide Gorge. The double weight broke the snow crust at first, then speed became sufficient to skim the waxed boards over the top. It wasn't a big jump. Forty-two feet. But that was horizontal measurement, which is something else again. And no nice landing hill, smoothly packed.

He knifed through the tops of a clump of chaparral, cut down a dip and sped towards the black gash of the chasm. Wind howled in his ears with the velocity, blurred his eyes with tears. Lars, hanging over his shoulder, was smiling a grin of triumph. Nelson blinked his eyes clear, couched lower, tensed.

"Ahh!"

The cry echoed up from the bottom of the gorge where the other racers were strung along the rocky edge of the creek. They saw the straining leap—wobbly, out of form, everything sacrificed for distance—and then the double burden.

Nelson was whipped backwards by the gigantic effort of his jump. Impossible to whirl the arms for balance while clinging to Lars. He churned the air with his skis. Dropping swiftly, he braced for the jolt, and smashed into the edge of the soft snowbank on the other side, floundering.

Nelson found himself not shocked, but rather with a great relief, even though he was head down in a thick bank of loose snow. He reached up, fumbling for his ski harnesses to undo his feet, when a hand gripped his wrist and pulled.

"Why—you old mossback! I thought you were seriously—say!" Nelson growled suspiciously. "Were you playing 'possum all the time?"

Lars stretched, and grinned to disclose a gap in his front teeth. He was standing waist deep in snow, and after righting Nelson, Lars now leaped nimbly up on the back of the skis.

"Gauss Ay got breath knocked out from me—at first," he admitted. "But whan Ay saw you was going over Suisade Gorge whan you thought Ay was hurt bad—then Ay yust sit still. . . Hurry up, Tad; we are still in a race."

The two, riding tandem on one pair of skis, started down the long slope to Antelope Flat.

The crowd let out a cry at sight

of the pair. Hildegard raced out on snowshoes to meet them.

"Watch this," Nelson said as they passed. "You'll notice I'm in front. This old guy hooking a ride behind is coming in second."

On the trip back Hildegard sat between the two in the rear seat of a car. Lars' forehead was bandaged; Nelson's wrist was taped.

"I'm a soft fool," the young man growled. "But how did I know you weren't dying?"

"Yah!" rumbled Kristiansen.

"I know you, you brat! You think Ay let you win next yumpin' tournament on account you brang me in! Ay naver lat you win if I have

to braak you with my hands in two!"

Nelson grinned at Hildegard. "Listen to him, will you? Hard for an old man to take a back seat. I'll make him look like an amateur at Ecker next month." He paused, and then said soberly: "And after that, there's something I'll be wanting to ask you—something I didn't say before because I felt like a yellow rat."

He grinned again. "So you'd better start getting excuses ready."

She was smiling, and the ripe apple color of her cheeks was back in full glory.

"I was always poor at excuses."

Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 17)

out at the end beckoned, and the little conductor scampered off. His shrill voice carried back:

"No plow on this train, no sir. Nope, no trains runnin' through here tomorrow, neither. Christmas, ain't it? Don't know about the other side, how long it'll take 'em to get through to here. Can't tell how bad it is. Maybe jest a little while, and . . . Well, you hate to think! Might be more grief to come. We're plumb under an awful lean o' slope."

Muttering something, the big man turned his head.

The conductor peered right and left, expecting questions, entreaties, reassurances. Nobody spoke. They had heard him; there was nothing to say until they were adjusted to his full meaning. He felt for his cap, touched his naked hair, then turned and departed as if the best he could do was to go and look for it.

The whispers of the little couple were lighter than breath. The tick of a watch spattered through the air like hail. The need to give audible voice to this predicament, to mingle thoughts and words in this intensely mutual catastrophe, pressed about them, yet each reserved a stolid isolation.

Then at last, rending the silence wide open like a sheet of spent cloth, the desperately frightened sound of a little girl's sob tore out.

The old Lady came to herself, suddenly very warm with realization and excited anger. Here were five self-sufficient, hard old idiots letting a bereft and lonely child battle unaided in the waters of cold

terror. She jumped up, scattering things, and flounced across the aisle.

"Honey Lamb, come here to me! Don't pay attention to that old funny-paper conductor. He probably don't know doughnuts from do-re-mi! Come here, Baby."

IT took minutes of coaxing, of bribery and tender bullying, before the shudders loosed their grip on the frail form pressed against old Lady Egan's sweet-smelling furs. But she purred tenderly and like one inspired, her voice mounting strong and vibrant to the corners of the car. Old Lady Egan had a child pressed to her; a scared, tender, nestling thing who needed her; and the miracle was dawning in her eyes.

"We'll be getting on before you know it. Bet I know what your name is—Bunny! Right? Well, listen, Bunny-honey, we'll have fun here. We'll play house. This is our little house up in the North Pole. You're the fairy princess Aphrodite and I'm the old witch." She was confusing her myths slightly but could not stop to bother now. "How'd you like that game?"

The shy reply came almost inaudibly. "I'd rather you'd be Grandma. I could be the mother. And—Oh, I wish I had my doll!"

"I've got one! A great big—No, wait. No fair telling secrets before morning. Let's play we had to be here all night, and Santa Claus was coming. You're the mother, wishing for a little girl, and you've written him a letter. Pretty soon we'll shut our eyes and play sleep till he comes . . ." She went on and on.

Down the row two white, youthful faces were straining to-

ward them, all alight.

The child was growing sleepy, but now the old lady felt the tugging need of her larger audience. Something had released the situation from its oppressing cords—something she had done. She could not stop just yet. They depended on her.

"Come along, Bunny. You can play sleep pretty soon. First let's get acquainted with our next neighbors. Maybe they'd play, too."

She dumped the little girl to the carpet and resolutely marched ahead.

Conversation began easily, as it can among neighbors in small, friendly places. Bunny felt all the way asleep. The curious three chattered on with happy pointlessness under the shadow of unknown tons of treacherous snow.

The miracle had wrought a potent spell.

If Kit, or Ramsay, or her own neighbors at the Corners could have seen the dour and disillusioned widow of Al Egan just now, they would have declared it either hallucination or some grave mental disorder hard at work. Only some of the early townspeople would have suddenly remembered a forgotten image—a vivacious, biddily soul who had masked bravery with raillery, and warmth with kindly wit, to march straight into the hearts of all of them. And they would have opened their hearts a second time, to welcome her return.

They were going home, these two with the turkey, to see his parents for the first time since their marriage. Last Christmas there had come no invitation. His parents had objected to Betty, to his marriage at all, so young and so

obscurely. And she was mortally afraid to go, now they had relented. But Wally wanted to, so she had stopped protesting; had made two mince pies, and picked the great turkey until it was as smooth as the inside of your elbow; and had come.

ANCIENT memories flowed deep underground as the old lady listened. She knew! Once she, too, had groped with floundering gestures to allay a mother's grievance. She remembered Agatha, and her own bitter denunciation of Kit's choice. Did all mothers of sons instinctively hate the women they chose for mates?

The old lady chuckled aloud. "My first pie! Glory! Lemon, if you please. We had to live with the folks, and I'd wait until everybody was away to practice my cooking. Well this pie was so downright awful, I had to get rid of it like murdered remains and I didn't know how. I was digging a hole for it when I heard the wagon, and knew there wasn't time. So I up and hurled the whole thing over the chicken wire and scuttled indoors, grabbing a piece of knitting just as they came in. I hoped those chickens would have it finished by morning.

"Well, 'twas around daylight we heard a roar from the woodshed to wake the dead. Al's Pa was a good churchman, but he was cussing now! What happened? I'd pitched that dratted pie clear over the hencoop, and landed it plop on the axe against the shed. The old man, out for kindling—Why, whatever! What's wrong, child?"

Betty's face, just now convulsed with laughter, was a mask of horror, her dilated eyes on the further door. They all looked, but saw nothing.

"It was a face! A man's awful, hideous face! It's gone now, but I saw it!"

The old lady was probing for words of comforting ridicule when the door actually did burst open, and the figure of a man all but fell in. He raised gaunt, tortured eyes as in a daze; then, sinking, dropped his head onto his knees.

At the opposite end, the older of the two men, after a brief squinting speculation, leaped up and strode down the car; dragging the other ruthlessly after him by what they recognized with shock was a pair of handcuffs.

"Unlock these things, you rotten . . ."

The big man paid no heed. Grasping the inert tramp by the shoulder, he shook him upright. "I think I'll have a look at you! Riding the rails, was it? Not so pleasant freezing to death, either? Sit up!" he commanded as the huddled form slumped deeper.

The old lady was down the aisle, an avenging fury. "Get away, you great oaf! Can't you see the man's all but done for? Take off that coat, and this fellow's here, and put some warmth into him! And first take off those handcuffs."

"Madam," the address was not without courtesy, "don't interfere, please. This man is an apprehended criminal."

"What of it, you lunatic?" she barked back. "Is that any reason for spending Christmas like a pair of Siamese twins? He can't escape tonight, and live. Now you do as I say."

She was magnificent.

Slowly, with a gleam of surprised appreciation in his eyes, the big man released the boy's thin

wrist. He bowed, not entirely in mockery. "At your command. What was it next? Our coats? Your coat, Arnold, if you please. I prefer not to risk contamination. It's a very good coat."

"Both of them!" She was adamant; and two heavy overcoats, still full of the comfort of body-warmth, were tucked about the shabby figure by the lady's own ringed fingers.

Silently, they paraded back. But this time the lady followed after, and sat down facing them.

"I know you," she suddenly addressed the big man. "I shouldn't recognize you with that ugly scowl you've grown. But I do. You're Dave York. Ha-ha!"

His stare was an unfeigned question.

"Dave, you muttonhead, don't you recognize Sally Winkle?"

Dave York had been Sally Winkles' first beau.

She waved their present enmities aside, launching into hilarious reminiscence. The younger man looked out the window.

Presently, "What have you

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done?" was her blunt question to him.

"What's this big bully locking you up for?"

The long silence was broken by York. "He stole—this ring. Our agency had him within an hour." He produced a small solitaire, an engagement ring.

"What'd you do that for, Son?" She might have been inquiring why he had risked a dangerous dive.

At last he told her. "I been paying on that since May, every week. We fixed Christmas to be engaged. Then, just Thanksgiving, I lost my job. And those robbers wouldn't wait for the rest, and wouldn't give my money back. So I did it. I'm glad I did."

His hard defiance could not mask the young despair behind the deed.

"Don't worry, Son," the old lady admonished before she left. "You look all right to me. I'll have some more to say to Dave here. There's a few sweet things I've not forgotten, he'd give a lot not to have spread around town today. And I've a wicked old tongue, once it starts wagging." Now, we'd all better try to sleep. Whatever happens, we want to be awake tomorrow. And don't any-

body start snoring, at your peril. I have a hard enough time resting."

The tramp, whose lungs and ribs had gradually ceased their clanking, stirred awake hours later. She tiptoed to him.

"Can I help you, Mister?"

Sullen negation.

"Come far?"

It was hardest of all to win his talk, but it came at last. "Wife's sick all year. I couldn't stand it tonight. I'm best away; neighbors'll look out fer her. If I stayed, she'd make me share, and I'd go plumb nuts and do it." His eyes were knowing and alive. "The road ain't new to me." His expressive, twisted mouth, emitting words out of unexpected corners, might once have been indescribably droll. The old lady liked him.

"Tomorrow I'll tell you what a low, mangy cur you are, young man, and send you packing home. But tonight you lie still and keep on thawing till you run rivers. Now mind!"

SHE remembered to place the mammoth doll—a vision in its French costume—beside the sleeping Bunny before she dropped, completely exhausted now, to her seat. She wished she had something for all these crazy people; reviewing hopelessly the packages of luxurious nonsense in her bag. For Kit, a priceless platinum watch, thin as a dime; and imported Scotch sweater and golf Sox! Agatha's absurdly costly lingerie: six matching pieces of handmade lace and cobwebby silk that might have been all six rolled up in your hand like a snowball! And Mary-Ellen's party dress exactly like the doll's, with a thousand infinitesimal taffeta ruffles and rose petals!

Hardly feasible gifts for present company!

Suddenly she was bolt upright. Why not, by jingo? Why not prolong the fairy tale? Everything was fantastic. Tomorrow they might be at the bottom of a mountain of snow. And tomorrow was Christmas.

Then the old lady who hadn't been able to sleep a wink outside her own big bed for years and years, closed her eyes and snored softly through the dawn.

"Far, far away on Judea's plains, Shepherds of old heard the glorious strains."

Six occupants of the car sat up to

brilliant December sunshine and to the ineffable sweetness of an old lady's voice singing Christmas carols.

"Glory to God! Glory to God!"

A truer voice had chimed a perfect harmony—a man's thrilling, liquid tenor voice. The gaunt tramp, eyes rapt, was releasing purest melody out of the twisting corners of his amazing mouth.

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

At the second chorus they were all singing, irresistibly drawn in. Bunny's little treble squeaked at times, and Dave's thundering bass was miles off; but even these could not detract from the absolute beauty of the final stirring strains: "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

No fantastic word describes adequately that Christmas day. Bunny in her flowerlike frock, hugging the doll and peering reverently into each inch-wide mirror, was a fairy princess indeed! Her spindle legs in their long ribbed black stockings were slender stems to hold the flower aloft. Betty, licking away happy tears to keep from spotting her lapful of foamy loveliness, was a bride. She couldn't speak. There weren't words. The miraculous watch came in and out of Wally's coarse tweed pocket so often that he surreptitiously looked to see if the finish weren't wearing off. The tramp, newly shaven like the rest with Wally's razor and cold water, actually grinned above Kit's handsome Scotch wool sweater.

The several hundred dollars worth of Christmas gifts which had left Hartsburg not long since stowed behind Ramsey in the impressive Egan limousine, was returning in strange custodians.

Young Arnold's gift had been the most perplexing; then it had been the easiest, solving itself. One of the old lady's too-heavy rings would plight a fine engagement! One of Kit's gifts of ingratitude. Parting with it, she chuckled.

Big Dave York received only a note, written in delicate old-fashioned script whose characters were not new to him; and of them all he seemed most pleased.

"We have oranges, candy, nuts and mince pies." The old lady, major-general again, was estimating the possibilities of dinner. "Too bad we can't eat raw turkey."

"Lady, lady! Did you ever try one of them things roasted in mud?

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So they had turkey, too. The biggest turkey by pounds that had ever seen the light of Corn County. And though the hobo's hands bled from the splitting job of sundering the frozen sod, he kept them generally out of sight.

IT was a rollicking, festive, family meal, with none of the niceties forgotten. A long crate, carted from the baggage car, served as a table, magnificently draped with a snowy square torn from one of the old lady's voluminous linen nightgowns. Bunny's strawflowers were a gracious centerpiece, and her oranges were cut into baskets and tied with holly ribbons. If salt and stuffing and cranberry sauce were lacking, they were not missed in all that plentifulness.

The train crew, choosing to remain ahead but not forgotten in any detail, were the only ones who found the holly ribbons comic.

"Wally will carve," The old lady ceremoniously proffered Dave's big pocket knife.

And then, "David, please offer grace."

Just as the blade was hovering over the savory breast, the conductor—a cyclone of excitement—leaped in. "We're clear! We're clear! Don't bother about that food now. We'll be home as soon as the steam's up."

Nobody cheered.

Over their laughter a hush descended, almost of dismay.

It was Bunny who dared to venture their common plea. "Oh, please, Mr. Toonerville, let us stay here for dinner. This is the nicest Christmas dinner I was ever to."

"We'll stay, by all means!" Thus spoke the dowager queen. It was a mandate, cowering all objections. "What's half an hour in fairyland?"

The strangest Christmas dinner in the world that day came to an end at last. Betty's miraculous pies were reduced to powdery crumbs. Pasteboard-box plates were heaps of succulent bones. And the strangest family in the world beamed about the board in love and wonderment.

It had to be at last. The train coughed, lurched and began to move. It gained speed, was on its way.

Bunny, anemone-eyed, rested against the old lady's sleeve.

"Grandma, when you were a little girl, were you ever a really fairy princess?"

"Hey? Oh, yes. Yes, Bunny. I was once."

"Then no wonder you're so happy now. I'll always be happy, every day always, even when I'm not. I've been one, haven't I, gramma? And you the really fairy queen?"

"Look! Look! Back there!"

A straw, we've been told, once broke a camel's back. Slight happenings may prove to be momentous finalities.

Perhaps it was the sudden jarring of the train in motion. Or the shifted weight of the snow from the cleared tracks. At any rate, this minute, the great immensity of snow that had been a mountain above was thundering silently down, down, to the very spot they had left.

The enchanted kingdom had disappeared forever. The narrow train rattled around a bend. The dethroned queen looked curiously about her. She must have spent that power of splendid feeling that had flowed these last hours with such intensity of light. Just now it struck her as a trivial coincidence that they were not still in the quiet spot they had left, being buried in beauty and in the midst of joy—the only decent way.

Life, in that little stretch of time, had lost all its complexities. Humanity had been beautiful and good. Was it the fear of dying that had welded them together like brothers? But not one of them had been afraid! What was it?

City landmarks loomed . . . Realities! The mood was passing.

She was very weary. Realities! Of course, one always returned to them. In the corner the jovial tramp was already looking a little shamefaced and worried. The skinny black legs of the erstwhile fairy princess were undeniably grotesque under the cascading ruffles.

The day was nearly done, but they had lived it! Something of it, surely, would remain forever in the welter of Hartsburg and realities.

The train slowed. The old lady moved quietly down the car, and kissed each one of her brood. She spied her family waiting on the platform. And she remembered to grin a wicked grin of pure delight to see that Kit was on the train in time to see her kissing old Dave York, who happened to come last.

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A Romance of Two City

(Continued from page 21)

he would come to his people in the Temple at Zarahemla; for to her Zarahemla was the epitome of all that was holy and sanctified. So to live to see her grandmother's "City Beautiful," became the lode star of her existence.

One evening while listening to Jared, she became aware of two Lamanites standing close. The congregation was sitting spell-bound, drinking in every word of comfort that fell from the lips of their beloved Priest. At that moment there was not a thing in their world but those words of Promise. Their weariness had dropped from them; they sat restful and for the moment happy. The Lamanites understood few of the words and nothing of the spirit of the speaker, but they did understand that these people were enjoying themselves. That was not good; content was not for slaves.

Suddenly one raised the heavy whip he carried and cried:

"Disperse you wine! If you have time for this, you have time for work. To your homes every one of you."

For a moment they sat paralyzed, then the heavy whip descended on those nearest, and they scurried away like frightened rabbits to their burrows. Zena grasped Miriam's arm and hurried home; soon all were gone but Jared. He alone remained.

"Come! Away with you," the guard cried brutally, "and no more preaching of false Gods to this people. Begone."

Jared stood firm. Once before, he had yielded when someone had cried, "Down with false Gods." He opened his mouth to reason with them, but the heavy whip struck again and again. Not by so much as an inch did he yield. The second Lamanite raised his whip. A buzzing, confusing noise then filled the old man's ears, which gradually took the sound of blows on flesh, but not aimed at him—why—why—he opened his feeble eyes wide—drew his hand across them to clear away the vision, but—there was the stake and Abinadi bound to it. 'Twas a Priest with the whip. It couldn't be, but, yes

—there were the faggots. There the group of bigoted Priests whose curses changed to ribald laughter as the flames lighted by the Priest with the whip ate their way upward. Again the sound changed. A voice. That voice which through the now cringing silence cut with the lash of a whip—"and in that day ye shall be smitten on every hand and driven as a flock is driven; before wild and ferocious beasts—and in that day shall ye suffer as I suffer the pangs of death—"

The picture faded. The old man sank to his knees. He raised his arms that were now cut and bleeding toward heaven and cried in a voice of anguish:

"I was one of them and now I suffer, oh Lord, that my sins might be washed away with my blood. Punish me if need be, oh Lord, unto death, but bring the deliverance of thy people speedily."

He sank to the floor where he lay prostrate and with a vicious kick the Lamanites walked away.

From the shadow of the wall the long lean figure of Bithna crept forward. Leaning over him she listened for his heart beats. There was none.

That night in the eerie light of a flickering torch they buried him in a crypt beneath his house and over him mourned two lone figures.

Morning came dark and sultry, an oppressive sky hung still and close above the City. With a tender farewell to her grief-stricken grandmother, Zena, slipping a corn cake into her robe, went out, for the work must go on though one's heart was numb with grief. Few people were on the streets. Those who were, like hunted beasts, slunk cringing from wall to wall.

CLOSE by the rear gate was the home of Bithna, the Witch. It was a wretched hovel, the thatched roof of which was half fallen in. Here despite the mysterious passing in and out of corn baskets, the old woman and an elfin grandchild existed in the meanest possible manner. Each day that she worked, Zena passed by and often gave her lunch to the child. Once Bithna had been wealthy and powerful; feared and respected alike by rich and poor, for in the days of King Noah witchcraft had flourished. Now with the Gospel of Christ in their hearts the Nephites had no use for necromancy and Bithna had grad-

ually lost power and prestige. Her only clients now being a few recalcitrant Nephites and the superstitious guards.

This morning opposite the hovel Zena paused. A little head was half thrust from the doorway looking fearfully about. Zena beckoned and cautiously, the little one approached. She had the form of a six year old, but from her face she might have been a hundred.

"Where is Grandmother?" Zena asked as she approached.

"The Great Bithna is locked up." The child's answer was devoid of expression. "All night has she conversed with Spirits. All night have they filled the house with their mutterings and cursings. Soon they shall burst their bonds and then—" an expressive shrug and the child stood still watching Zena's hand as it went to her dress.

"When did you eat?" Zena asked, noting, the waif was watching her furtively.

"Two days ago the deacon brought one loaf and a measure of wine. In one day it was gone. We did not eat yesterday."

Her sharp eyes watched slyly as Zena withdrew her hand from her robe. It held the corn cake. Snatching it greedily she whirled to go inside and collided with a guard. The bread flew from her hand to the gutter. Instantly the guard put his heel on it. She flew at him wildly, screaming:

"My bread! Give me my bread."

"Child of the Evil One, watch your steps," the guard cried angrily watching with delight her frantic efforts to regain her bread. The child was crazed with hunger. She flew at him and clutching his bare leg, tried to dislodge it. That failing, she bent swiftly and sunk her teeth in his flesh. With a howl of pain the Lamanite swung back his leg to release it, at the same time diving for the urchin; but she, with incredible swiftness snatched the dirty remnant of food and, ducking to escape his reach, fled inside. The Lamanite would have followed, but one glance at the house and he drew back. No Lamanite entered that house unless bidden, so limping and cursing he passed on.

The work at the vineyard went on that morning in intolerable silence. The workers gave each other only furtive glances, for over them hung the menacing guards, silent too, but alert and watchful.

With the rest, Zena and Leah doubled and rose, bent and turned, parting, pruning, and flinging wearily into piles dead and superfluous twigs. The sun found its way through murky clouds. The sultriness increased. Noon came. Those who were fortunate enough to have them, munched their corn cakes as they worked. Their thirst grew intense. Water bags had long since been emptied.

Leah straightened. She faced Nabor, the Captain of the guards, pushing back the damp curls that clustered about her face.

"I must drink," she pleaded, walking toward him.

ZENA vaguely sensed Leah's question and act, but became acutely conscious of the sharp cry that followed a moment later. She sprang around; Leah was struggling in the arms of the Lamanite. Zena looked about. Apathetically the Nephites stood watching. Near her, an old man, pausing in his work, leaned on a short stout stick. Snatching it, Zena rushed and struck with all her might the insulting guard. Like a match to powder, the blow broke the tension. Where there had been apathy, pandemonium reigned. Old men, young boys, feeble girls struck blindly and unavailingly at huge Lamanites, but their feeble attempts soon broke under the heavy whips of their taskmasters. Many in chains were driven into the City's dungeons. Leah's limp body was born by wailing, moan-

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ing women back to the home that would know her no more. Nabor went to report to his chief.

Nana-aha was in a volcanic humor. Since the sun had risen, he had sat motionless and silent except when some hapless slave drew upon himself his vials of wrath. The evening before, peremptory demands had come from his King to increase the tribute or yield his post to one who would. Well the Mighty One knew that the revenue had dropped to practically nothing. The Nephites were weak, too weak to produce in abundance. It was his purpose that they should be but he had misjudged Jared's pride. To be recalled meant not only disgrace, but giving up the maid his stubborn nature clung to. He faced a crisis. The season promised well, and with adequate labor a satisfactory yield was certain. Adequate labor must mean more hope for the Nephites; less restraint.

"Cursed dogs!" he cried out violently and the slave ushering Nabor to him trembled and uttered wordless prayers for protection.

Nabor prostrated himself and still kneeling, stumbled through his story, fearing to be interrupted, yet wishing The Mighty One would speak and relieve the tension. When he had finished, he still knelt, awaiting the command to arise, but it was not given. Nana-aha sat with bare teeth and glaring eyes. One Nephite dog more or less meant nothing to him, but the King? He would listen readily to tales of mismanagement and use it as an excuse to disgrace him. Obviously to send Nabor back to Shemlon would not be advantageous. Coming on the events of the previous evening, made it more imperative that Nabor remain with him; yet he must be punished.

"Stupid ass," he cried violently, and stepping down he tore the band from Nabor's head, his insignia of office, and throwing it upon the floor ground it with his heel.

"Go," he cried, "and be thankful that you go not to Shemlon in chains."

Nabor retreated with more haste than dignity; but outside the fortress he sat heavily down on stone steps, his head dropped forward; a common grouch now with no privileges, no hope of promotion. His shoulders grew heavy. The sun went down; but still he grovelled. A little breeze sprang up. It cooled his hot brow. An errant

drop of rain struck his clenched hands. Suddenly he smiled; a smile that spread and spread until it radiated from his whole being. He could see a plan, a way to win recognition and at the same time revenge himself upon Nana-aha. He sprang to his feet and scanned the heavens. In a short time came the Sacrifice to the Harvest God. Suppose he should take to the King a wondrous gift for the Celebration?—he turned and ran lightly down the street.

Hardly had Nabor left the presence of the Mighty One, when a servant announced:

"Isaac, the Nephite seeks admission."

Nana-aha turned sharply.

"What now?" he cried savagely, "do they come here to plague me? Tell him to be gone." With an air of finality he resumed his seat.

"What!" he demanded, seeing that the servant lingered, "must I have you flogged?"

"Forgiveness, oh Mighty One," the servant begged, courtesying low. "This Nephite says he has something you desire very much. We would have driven him away but he would not, saying you would be much displeased if we refused him entrance."

Nana-aha considered. Who was Isaac, he wondered? Fearing treachery yet ready to clutch at a straw, he acquiesced.

"Bid him enter."

He soon appeared, a man past middle life, moving nervously about, as if not sure of himself. Once he had been portly, but now the skin hung loosely on his emaciated frame.

NANA-AHA scowled—where had he seen him before? At least he need fear nothing from one of such indecision. Isaac had bowed and waited the command to speak. When the command did come, it was so curt that the petitioner would have withdrawn in fear had he not been sure of his message.

The Nephite bowed again.

"The Mighty One has heard of the death of Jared, once the High Priest?"

Nana-aha scowled darkly—so Jared was the whipped dog of the night before—he had not thought sufficiently of it to ask who the victim was—now a fellow Priest comes to complain—yet—no, he did not wear the dress of a Priest.

"Jared," the Nephite was continuing, "was the father of my wife—" he hesitated.

"Go on!"

"The death of the Priest leaves me as the nearest male relative—."

Aha—at last. The Lamanite shaded his crafty eyes to hide the gleam. "Consequently leaves me guardian over his wife, Miriam and his granddaughter Zena."

"What is your desire?" There was no encouragement in the Lamanite's tone, only arrogant pride. Isaac shifted from one foot to the other. He found it hard to proceed.

"I have come to offer the maid, Zena, in marriage to the Mighty One."

Nana-aha considered. His problem was solved. He could save himself and still secure the long coveted maid. He must find the two guards and reward them. Yet he must not show eagerness.

"Upon what terms?" he parried.

"Those the Mighty One himself made to Jared."

While he considered a soldier of King Limhi was shown into the room and begged permission for a small company of the King's men to go beyond the walls. After listening to him, Nana-aha turned to his slave.

"Report at the North Gate. See that it is left open that the Nephites may go in and out at their pleasure."

Both Nephite and slave looked their astonishment.

"Ten thousand pardons, O Mighty One," the slave begged, bowing low, "but do I understand—."

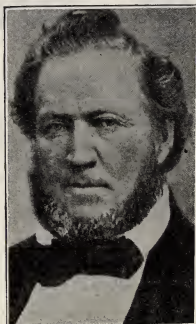
The Lamanite's quick temper flared.

"You heard me. Begone." He waved them both out, then turned to Isaac.

"Come, we shall fix our agreement." He led the way to an inner room.

(To be Continued)

THE subjugated Mayas were forbidden to write in their own language under penalty of death," says Stav-Judd in his book, "The Ancient Mayas." This edict eventually created an extraordinary condition. The present Mayas: "Are the only race of people with the unique distinction of being able to speak their language exactly as it was spoken thousands of years ago. Yet not able to write it or decipher the glyph writing of their ancestors."



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Your Page and Ours

THIS letter is from Alexander Schreiner, one of the most gifted of organists and one who knows and loves the Tabernacle organ:

"There is something peculiarly strange about the Tabernacle organ. It is not the world's largest instrument, but it surely has been one of the most successful organs anywhere. Multitudes of listeners, both musicians and non-musicians, have been enthralled by its tones.

"While I may be gone from the Tabernacle much of the year, still it holds first place in my heart and I am sad to be away from it.

"Sincere thanks to you.

"Alexander Schreiner."

Madisonville, Kentucky.

Dear Editor:

I WANT to tell you how I liked the story, "Wings," by William F. Eideker. It is so true to life and has such a good moral. I also want to mention "Ruff," by Captain True B. Harmsen which is also a good story; we would like to have more stories by these authors.

Yours truly,

James Ray.

Taber, Alberta, Canada.

Dear Editors:

I AM an invalid girl so you see I spend much of my time reading.

I am interested in Ardyth Kennelly, as I have enjoyed her verses so much in the Era.

I have a desire to write to her. Will you send me her address, or some way in which my letter will reach her?

Thank you—very sincerely,

Dixie A. Lee

Editor of *The Improvement Era*.

Dear Sir:

I NOTED in the columns of the Era, "Your Page and Ours," some criticism. Well, here is mine. In reading magazines now days, the reader is a hunter in a sense; for instance, he reads the beginning of an article on the front page, possibly a column, then ten pages over he finds 2½ columns, then in the back he finds the rest, so one wears the journal out to connect up a story or an article.

I have failed to renew my subscription just on that account. I voice my sentiments against such a mix up of this kind of journalism. "Why cannot the article be placed in say one or two or three columns, or a page, and the next, and so on, like newspapers." I have no time to waste in hunting. Yours for a better Era.

(Signed) James Ezra McQuiston.

WE always regret losing a subscriber, he becomes one of the family, but on account of the mechanics of the magazine, we cannot change—much.

Lovell, Wyoming

Dear Editors:

IT was such a splendid thing for you to give an opportunity for new writers to try themselves at writing. It is so hard for one to get started. Especially when one lacks the technique of expression and construction as I do . . .

"I must tell you how we love and look forward to the Era. It brings a light of peace and gladness to our home, although it is often quite a struggle to raise two dollars for its subscription for we are tillers of the soil. Yet each issue is easily worth the subscription price."

Valeria P. Walker.

THE SILVER-TONED MISSIONARY—A CORRECTION

IN our December number we allowed a typographical error to place the wrong date on the dedication of the organ. We listed the wrong total number of pipes—ours being of 1915,

whereas more pipes were added in 1926. This brief statement was prepared by a guide on Temple Square and is correct.

The original organ was begun in January, 1866, and dedicated and used at the October conference of 1867. Brother Ridges has left a detailed statement as to what parts had been completed; namely:

Great Organ—Principal, fifteenth, open diapason, stopped diapason, mixture three ranks, flute, harmonic, hohl flute, flute, a cheminee, dulciana, twelfth, trumpet, bourdon, totaling 14 sets, or 784 pipes.

Swell Organ—Claribella, Principal.

Claribella—flute, stopped-flute, Cornopean, hautboy, open diapason, stopped diapason, mixture-two ranks, bassoon, bourdon, piccolo—totaling 13 sets or 728 pipes.

Pedal Organ—open bass, 16 ft.; dulc. bass, 16 ft.; principal bass, 8 ft.; stopped bass, 16 ft.; great open bass, 32 ft., totaling 5 sets or 150 pipes.

Mechanical stops—Great and Swell pedal, and great pedal and swell, tremulant, bellows signal, making a grand total of 1,662 pipes in the organ when dedicated in October, 1867. The organ was considered one of the largest in America, measuring about 30 ft. in width, 45 ft. deep, and 55 ft. in height.

In 1885, Niels Johnson added hundreds of pipes bringing the total of pipes up to date to 2,648.

Later on a water motor was used in forcing the wind into the reservoirs. In 1900 the organ was rebuilt by Kimball & Co. of Chicago, adding several sets of pipes, additional stops, and it was electrified. They also added the Vox Humana, or human-voiced pipes. Professor J. J. McClellan stated that this organ is noted for its sweetness of tone quality and has the most wonderful human voiced pipes in the world.

In the spring of 1915 the Austin Co. of Hartford, Conn., enlarged the organ; many of the pipes were sent back to their factory in Connecticut to be revoiced. Several thousand pipes were added, together with the celestial or echo organ that is located in the extreme east end of the tabernacle in a cement lined room approximately 12 ft. long, 8 ft. wide and 12 ft. high. The echo organ is a duplex action and has 11 sets of pipes.

The original imposing casework has been preserved and additions have been made on both sides practically doubling its width and enhancing its proportions and effect.

The ingenuity and skill of the pioneer builders can still be seen in some of the larger pipes, and the original organ casing.

In addition to the usual string stop found in the various departments of the organ, a special string organ is also provided. It is enclosed in a separate swell box and playable from any manual at will.

The entire organ is built on the Austin Universal Air Chest System, with the Austin perfected type of Electro-pneumatic action.

There are seven divisions or seven separate organs in this one; namely, the Great Organ, Swell, Orchestral, Solo, String, Celestial or Echo, and Pedal.

During the summer of 1926 the organ was again enlarged by Austin & Co. adding several hundred more pipes, bringing the total of pipes to 6,868, ranging in length from 5/8 inches to 32 feet. At present the dimensions of the organ visible in the tabernacle are 60 ft. wide, 45 ft. deep and 55 ft. high. While the organ today is not the largest in the world, the press in general has given uniform honor to this great instrument by crediting it with being second to none in tonal qualities in the world, being greatly assisted by the wonderful acoustic properties in the historical tabernacle.

Some time ago a great French Virtuoso, Professor Bonnet, visited Salt Lake City and announced that the Great Tabernacle Organ was the best upkept organ in the world. The Professor is one of the world's great organists. This is a real tribute to John G. Toronto, the present technician of the organ who has been at his post now for 20 years.

—John H. Christensen.

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We have so many requests to reprint some good thing that somebody would like to read again and so many calling for articles in past numbers, that we are

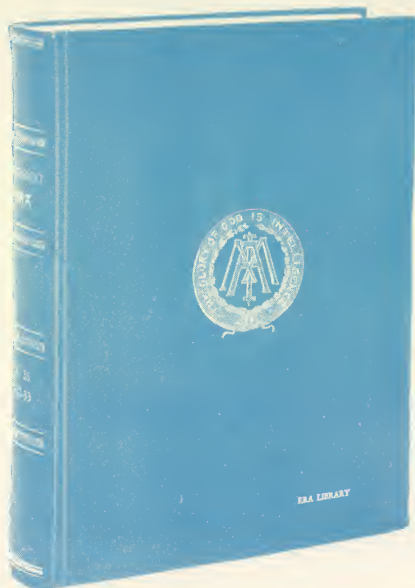
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It will be best to have the volumes bound, of course, for then the numbers are safely tied together. The cost is nominal for such a splendid book, somewhere around \$2. In case you cannot bind them, tie them together or preserve them in a box.



What Will You Have in Your Volume, If You Bind It?

Feature articles, illustrated, 145

Of these the following were especially significant:

"Women in the Modern World," by Dr. Lowry Nelson; "A Message and Greeting From the First Presidency," "George D. Pyper," by Claire W. Neall; "Blood Groupings Among the Indians," by G. Albin Matson; "The Mission of the Book of Mormon," by Elder Melvin J. Ballard; "Jesus—Supreme Spiritual Leader," by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed; "International Conference—the Why and the How," in three issues, by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.; "Forward View of the Aaronic Priesthood," by Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon; "Soil as a Living System," Dr. Thomas L. Martin; "Charles A. Callis," by Bryant S. Hinckley; "The Kingdom of God," by Nephi Jensen; "The Lord Overrules," by Elder Joseph F. Merrill; "It's Worth \$3,000 a Year and Up," by Earl J. Glade; "Latter-day Saint Youth and the New Day," by Oscar W. Kirkham; "The Glorious Possibilities for Us in the Religious Crisis," by Joseph F. Smith; "The Religious Crisis of Today," by Elsie Talmage Brandley; "Morality and the New Day," by Elder Melvin J. Ballard; "Glimpsed in a Flash," by Dr. Sterling Talmage; "What Makes an Athlete," by Coach G. Ott Romney; "The Reminiscences," of the Late President, Charles W. Nibley; "A Tribute to Mothers," by President Heber J. Grant; "In Memory of President A. W. Ivins," by Stephen L. Richards; "In Memory of President Charles H. Hart,"

by President Levi Edgar Young; "Can Science and Religion be Harmonized," by Professor Waldemer P. Read; "The Trial of Jesus," by Attorney Jesse Udall; "The Long, Winding Trail," by the late President A. W. Ivins.

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